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# THE NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC COURSE

FIFTH READER  
F CLEF



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# THE NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC COURSE

BY  
CHARLES E. WHITING

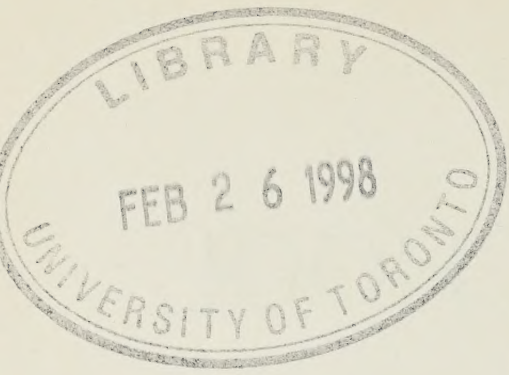
## Fifth Reader

F CLEF EDITION—FOR BOYS' AND MIXED CLASSES



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TORONTO



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# THE NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC COURSE

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***Its Inspiration*** As the literature of the world is the flower of its folk-lore, so music — the great tone-poems of the masters, is the florescence of folk-song. As true appreciation of what is excellent in literature is possible only with knowledge of the folk-lore in which it is rooted, so a just appreciation of what is excellent in music, is possible only through familiarity with the folk-songs which have forerun and typified the larger and more complex compositions. Sprung many of them from undiscovered sources, living for hundreds of years on the lips of the people, passing from generation to generation and voicing each to the next its tenderest and most sublime emotions, they stand to us as more than song, more than story, — a veritable artery of emotional life and feeling pulsing in unbroken rhythm from the earliest times to the present day.

***Its Pedagogy*** As the development of the child follows the development of the race, so his development in music should follow its development in the race. The NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC COURSE is based upon this fundamental principle of education. The folk-song is its key-note, its *motif* and its theme. Upon the folk-song it stands, an earnest effort to lead the children in song to the heritage of the ages which is rightfully theirs.

***Its Material*** Many of the melodies were obtained by the author and others directly from the peoples by whom they were developed and sung, carefully reduced to writing at the time and subsequently verified. Others, ornamented and used as themes by the masters, have been followed toward their source, divested of that which was not theirs in the mouths of the people, and restored to their former simplicity of tune and time. Still others stand as they have stood since the memory of man.

***Its Arrangement*** The better to differentiate in the minds of the pupils that which is cultural from that which is purely technical, the former material has been grouped as Songs and the latter as Exercises. As accuracy and fluency in sight-reading depend upon the singer's working knowledge of the tonic relation of tones known as movable *dō*, and as the success of movable *dō* depends upon constant change of key, the Songs and Exercises have been set in key-rotation rather than in key-chapters, thus securing the advantage of continual change with the convenience of consecutive study, — by page and title in the Songs, and by number in the Exercises. The pedant looking for the development of all possible difficulties in melody and rhythm will note with regret the absence of exercises in the more unusual varieties of measure, of certain accidentals such as flat-five, seldom met with in song except in exercises mechanically constructed expressly for introduction into school music readers, of some keys in the minor mode, and other problems incident to an exhaustive treatment of sight-song.

The educator, however, interested in the development of the child rather than in the elaboration of sequence, will commend their careful exclusion. If the child is to love to sing, he must be given songs not newly written for the purpose and whose enduring worth is yet unknown, but songs whose age-cherished existence has delighted the ear and inspired the tongue of succeeding generations; and if he is to acquire fluency in reading, the few minutes a day allotted to the subject must be devoted exclusively to such problems as are essential to his progress within the limits established by circumstance and environment. For convenience when many or all divisions of a school are gathered for opening exercises or on other occasions demanding united effort in song, the patriotic selections have been grouped as Assembly Selections and appear in all the books of the series identical in melody, rhythm, harmony, text, title and pagination, an arrangement the advantages of which are manifest. The several books will be found free from cues to pupils, scale diagrams, development exercises, instructions to teachers, and all matter more properly belonging to a Teachers' Manual.

**Its Application** The Supervisor will observe that no attempt has been made in the books to force upon his teachers a method of instruction which may or may not coincide with that which his personal experience has developed and successfully established in the schools whose conditions have been to him a life-study, and whose needs no other can know so well. The NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC COURSE is not a method of instruction but a collection of original and selected, properly graded, and conveniently bound material, intended for use as follows: In schools under music supervision, in connection with the methods already established by the supervisor in charge. In graded schools without music supervision, in connection with a Teachers' Manual for Graded Schools. In ungraded schools without supervision, in connection with a Teachers' Manual for Ungraded Schools.

**Its Readers** The First Reader assumes on the part of the pupils a sight-reading knowledge of all combinations of the tones of the diatonic major scale in the several keys, and of measure up to and including the equal division of the beat. The Second Reader includes songs and exercises embracing the fractional division of the beat, a more extended use of accidentals, the minor mode, and two-part song. The Third Reader involves the sub-fractional division of the beat, a more remote approach of accidentals, an extension of the minor mode, and greater freedom of voice in the continuation of two-part song. The Fourth Reader introduces three-part song, which in the Fifth, with its two editions, the G Clef edition for girls' schools and the F Clef edition for boys' schools and mixed schools, affords the largest possible opportunity for real interpretive work.

All the Songs and Exercises in this Series of Music Readers, except when some Composer's name is given, have been composed and are owned by the Author.

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# PART SONGS

## SING PRAISE TO GOD

*Allegretto*

GERMAN FOLK SONG



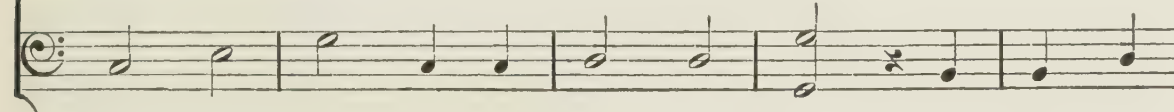
1. Sing praise to God, The Mak - er and the Giv - er, From  
2. Be - hold yon sun, So bright be - yond ex press - ing; 'Twas  
3. 'Thou heavenly home Which bless - ed souls in - her - it, Where



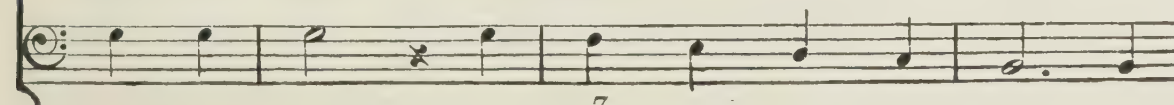
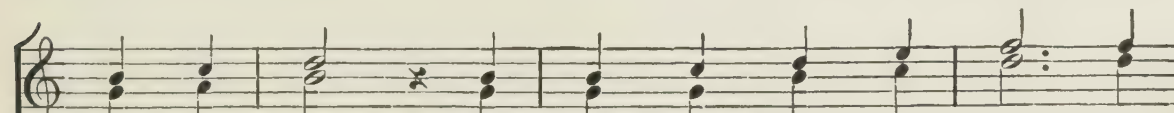
East to West His praise shall ring for - ev - er; His  
God Who gave That great and glo - rious bless - ing; All  
end - less joy De - lights each hap - py spir - it, Loud

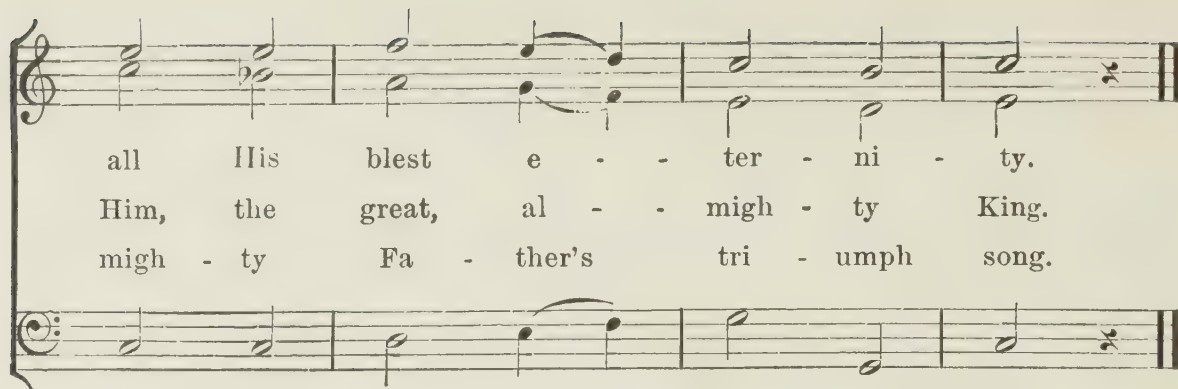


good - ness will'd us to breathe and be, Through all e -  
things that are from His wis - dom spring, The great, al -  
let it roll through the world a - long, The sphere's tri -



ter - ni - ty, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Thro'  
migh - ty King, The great, al - might - y King, From  
ump - hant song, The sphere's tri - ump - hant song, The



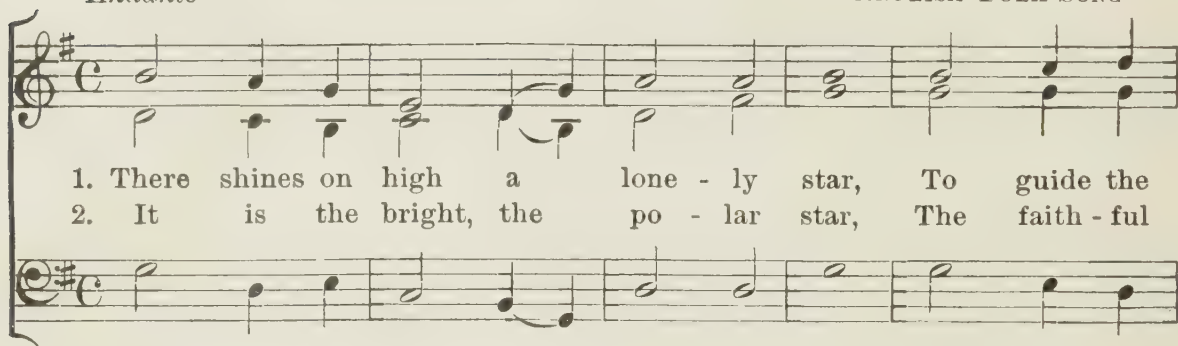


all His blest e - - ter - ni - ty.  
Him, the great, al - - migh - ty King.  
migh - ty Fa - ther's tri - umph song.

## THERE SHINES ON HIGH

*Andante*

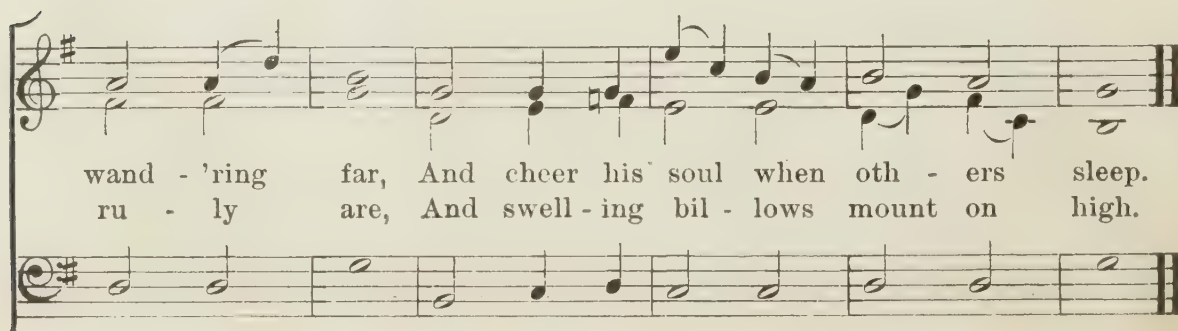
ENGLISH FOLK SONG



1. There shines on high a lone - ly star, To guide the  
2. It is the bright, the po - lar star, The faith - ful



sail - or o'er the deep, To speak of home when  
bea - con of the sky, Stead - fast when winds un - -



wand - 'ring far, And cheer his soul when oth - ers sleep.  
ru - ly are, And swell - ing bil - lows mount on high.

# THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS

*Moderato*

IRISH FOLK SONG



1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of mu - sic shed, Now

2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells, The



hangs as mute on 'Ta - ra's walls As if that soul had fled. So  
chord a - lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus



sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And  
free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is

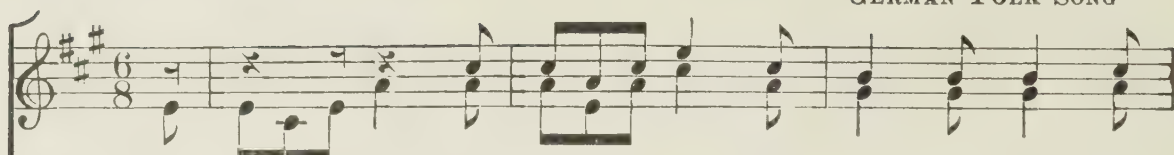


hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.  
when some heart, in - dig - nant, breaks To show that still she lives.


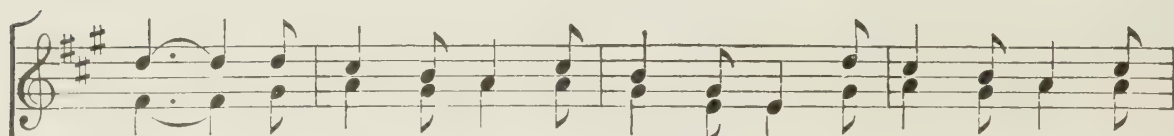


## IN MAY-DAY

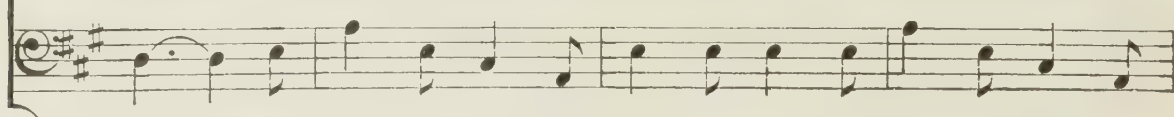

GERMAN FOLK SONG



1. In May - day, in May - day, The flow - 'rets sweet - ly  
 2. In May - day, in May - day, The birds all chant in  
 3. In May - day, in May - day, A bird once sang to  
 4. In May - day, in May - day, How glad I heard that

bloom; I found a flow'r of snow - y white, That shed a pure and  
 glee; On many a branch their songs they pour, They sing till all the  
 me. The song I nev - er shall for - get, Its notes I oft with  
 song; Its notes they told of peace and love, Like those from golden

love - ly light, In May - day, in May - day, In glad May - day.  
 light is o'er, In May - day, in May - day, In glad May - day.  
 smiles re - peat, In May - day, in May - day, In glad May - day.  
 harps a - bove, In May - day, in May - day, In glad May - day.



## GOOD NIGHT

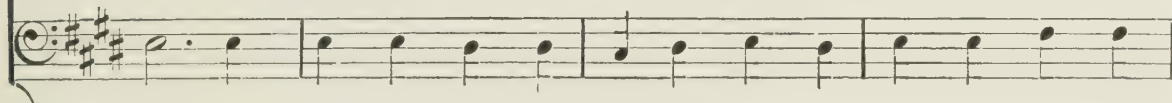
T. CRAMPTON

*Allegretto*

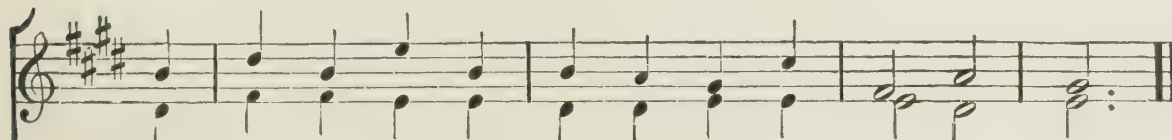
1. O may we ne'er for - get the hours, Wher - ev - er we may  
 2. We'll ne'er for - get our hap - py school, Wher - ev - er we may  
 3. 'Tis hard, perchance, to say farewell, And leave this happy



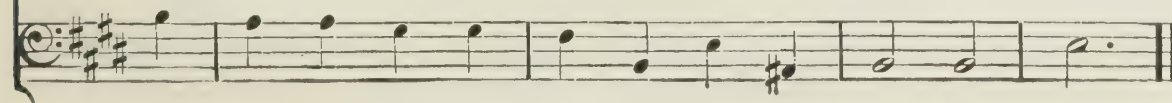
be, Which we have spent a - mid our friends In gladness and in  
 roam. Though duties far in dis - tant land Shall take us from our  
 scene, But com - ing la - bors will be cheer'd As true friends we have



glee. The mem'ry of these happy days Shall shine with constant light;  
 home, O'er ma - ny hours of care and grief Shall mem'ry shed its light;  
 been, And if we part for ma - ny years With hearts both true and light,




Then ere we part, sing ev - 'ry heart, good night, good night.  
 Then ere we part, sing ev - 'ry heart, good night, good night.  
 We part, but hope to meet a - gain, good night, good night.

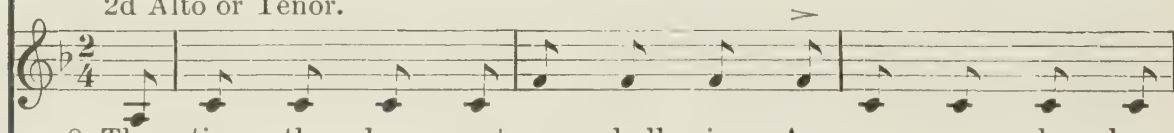


## WHEN EVENING DROPS HER SILENT VEIL


FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

*p Allegretto*



1. When even - ing drops her si - lent veil, And all is hush'd and  
2d Alto or Tenor.





2. Three times the har - vest moon shall rise, As we our la - bor



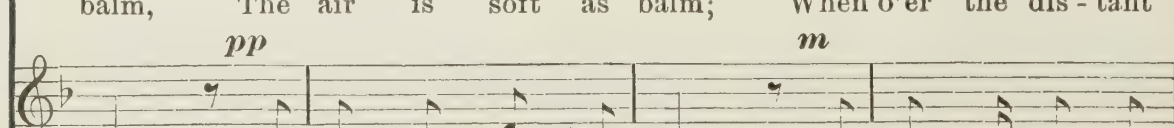
calm, And round the groves of Ber - ken - dale, The air is soft as



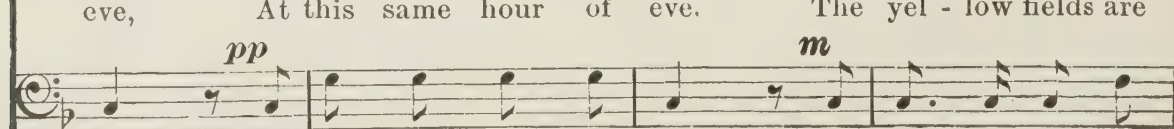
leave, Three times twi - light with moon-light vies At this same hour of

balm, The air is soft as balm; When o'er the dis - tant



eve, At this same hour of eve. The yel - low fields are



hill is shed A flood of gold - en light, And clear as noon the  
full and ripe, To bless the reap-er's band, The pre-cious grain shall

har - vest moon Is ris - ing full and bright, Oh! then come out with  
once a - gain Be stor'd throughout the land. Oh! then come out! with

*f* song and shout, And join the mer - ry tune. Come, maids and men, And  
*f* song and shout Shall ech - o thro' the vale The har - vest home. The  
*f*

time,  
hail,

blithe - ly then We'll hail the har - vest time. Come,

har - vest home, Shall men and maid - ens hail, The

*ff* : : : : : : :  
maids and men, And blithe - ly then We'll hail the har - vest time.

*ff*  
har - vest home, the har - vest home, Shall men and maid - ens hail.

*ff*

## HOT-CROSS BUNS

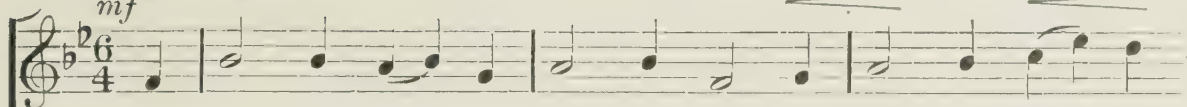
ENGLISH MELODY

1. Hot-cross buns, One a penny buns; One a penny, two a penny, Hot-cross buns.

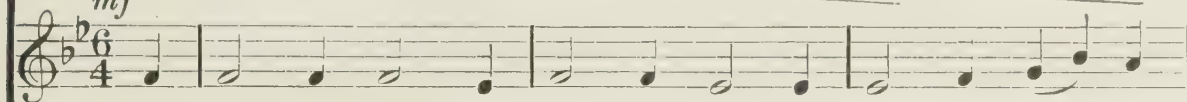
2. Fresh sweet buns, Come and buy my buns, One a penny, two a penny, Fresh sweet buns.

## COME O MY SOUL

FRIEDRICH ERNST FESCA

*Moderato**mf*

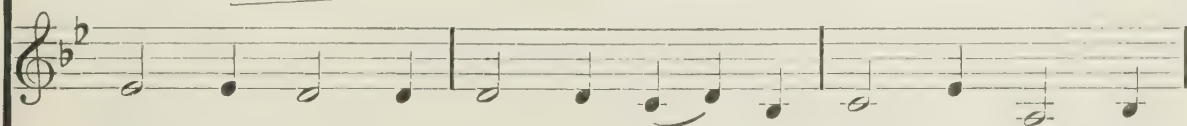
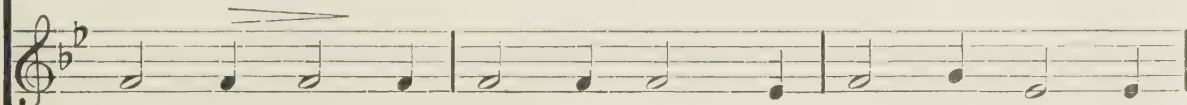
1. Come, O my soul! in sa - cred lays, At - tempt thy great Cre -  
 2. In all our Mak - er's grand de - signs, Al - might - y power with

*mf*

1. Come, O my soul! in sa - cred lays, At - tempt thy great Cre -  
 2. In all our Mak - er's grand de - signs, Al - might - y power with

*mf*

a - tor's praise, But oh, what tongue can speak his fame? What  
 wis - dom shines; His works thro' all this won - drous frame, De -



a - tor's praise, But oh, what tongue can speak his fame? What  
 wis - dom shines; His works thro' all this won - drous frame, De -



Sop.  
1st ALTO.  
2D ALT. OR TEN.

*f*

mor - tal verse can reach the theme? Enthron'd a - mid the ra - diant spheres,  
clare the glo - ry of His name. Rais'd on de - vo - tion's loft - y wing,

He glo - ry like a gar - ment wears; To form a robe of  
Do thou, my soul, His glo - ries sing; And let His praise em -

*ff*

light di - vine, Ten thou - sand suns a - round him shine.  
*ff*  
play thy tongue, Till list' - ning worlds shall join the song.  
*ff*

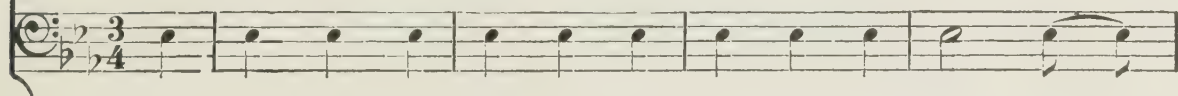
## O LADYBIRD LADYBIRD

*Allegretto*

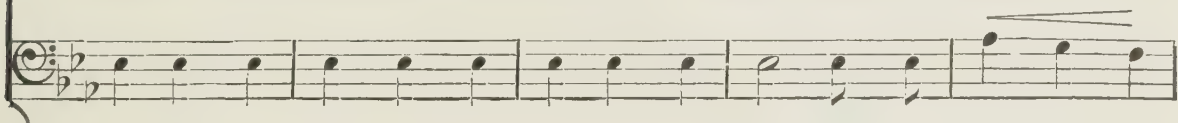
ENGLISH FOLK SONG



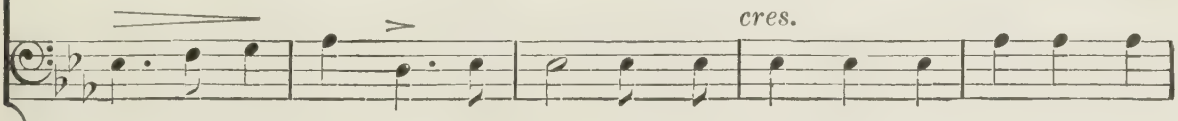
1. O la - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, why dost thou roam So  
 2. Too soon will you find that your trust is mis - plac'd, When by



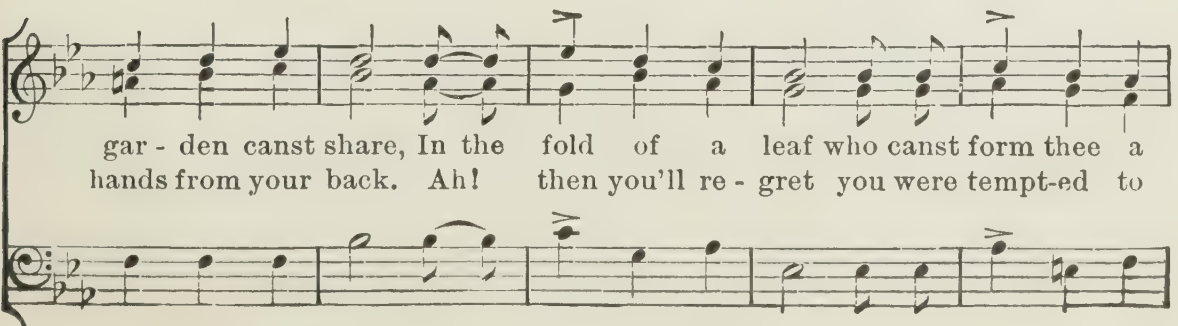
far from thy child - ren, so distant from home? Why dost thou, who canst  
 some cru - el child you are wan-ton - ly chas'd, And your bright scar-let



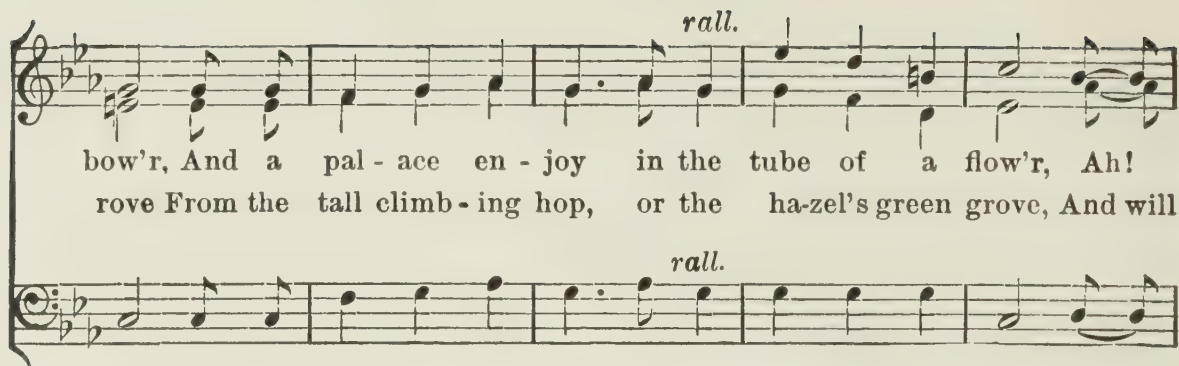
re - vel all day in the air, Who the sweets of the grove and the  
 coat all be - spot - ted with black May be torn by his bar - bar-ous



gar - den canst share, In the fold of a leaf who canst form thee a  
 hands from your back. Ah! then you'll re - gret you were tempt-ed to



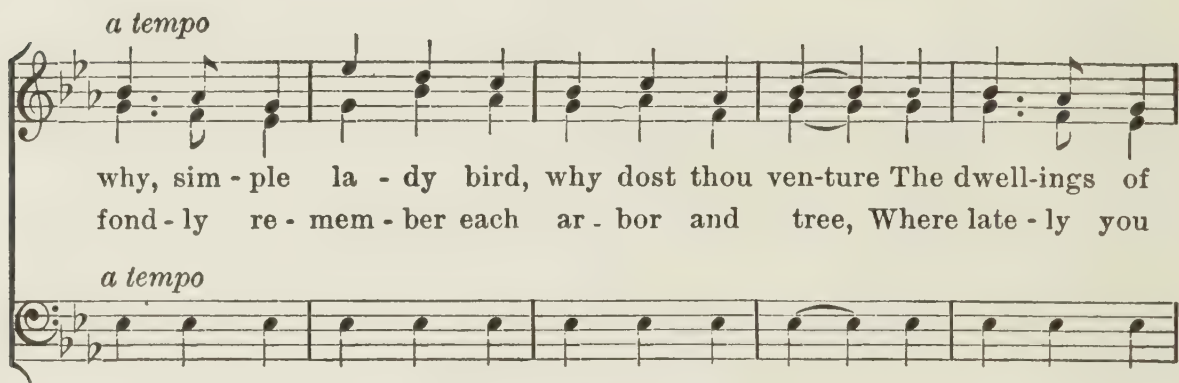
*rall.*



bow'r, And a pal - ace en - joy in the tube of a flow'r, Ah!  
rove From the tall climb - ing hop, or the ha - zel's green grove, And will

*rall.*

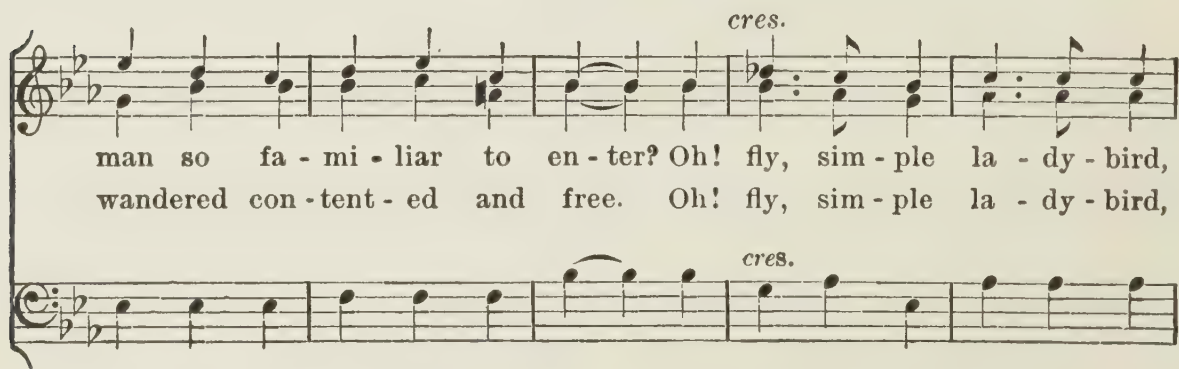
*a tempo*



why, sim - ple la - dy bird, why dost thou ven - ture The dwell - ings of  
fond - ly re - mem - ber each ar - bor and tree, Where late - ly you

*a tempo*

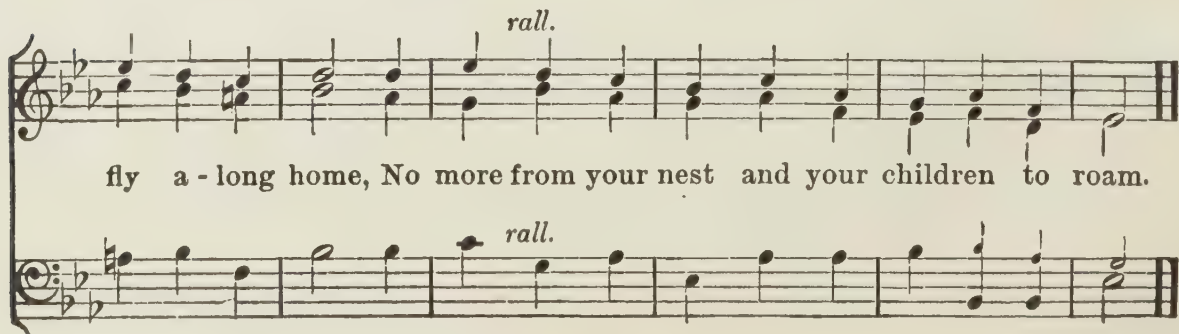
*cres.*



man so fa - mi - liar to en - ter? Oh! fly, sim - ple la - dy - bird,  
wandered con - tent - ed and free. Oh! fly, sim - ple la - dy - bird,

*cres.*

*rall.*



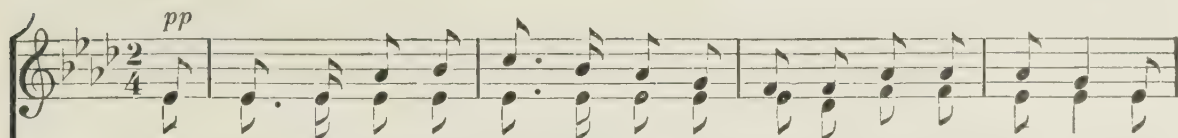
fly a - long home, No more from your nest and your children to roam.

*rall.*

## I COME FROM HAUNTS OF COOT AND HERN

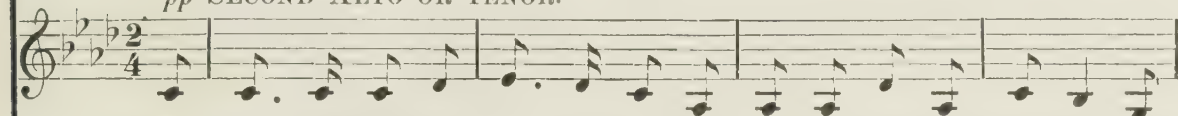
ALFRED TENNYSON

JOHN FARMER

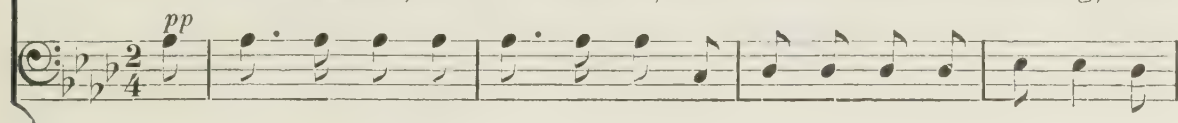


1. I come from haunts of coot and hern, I make a sudden sal - ly, And

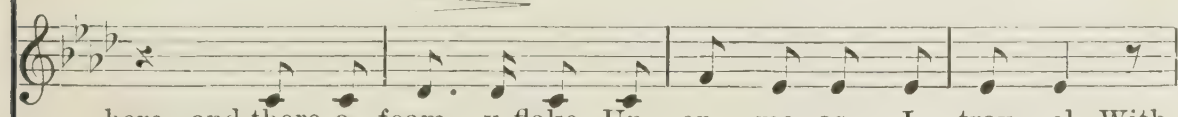
2. I chat - ter o - ver sto - ny ways, In lit - tle sharps and tre - bles, I

*pp* SECOND ALTO OR TENOR.

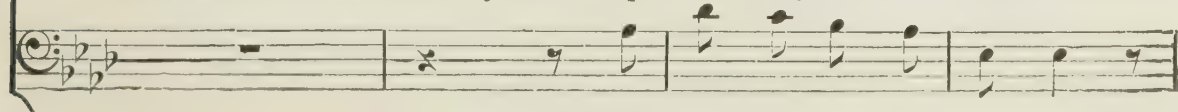
3. I wind a - bout, and in and out, With here a blos - som sail - ing, And

spark - le out a - mong the fern, To bick - er down a val - ley. By  
bub - ble in - to eddying bays, I bab - ble on the peb - bles. With

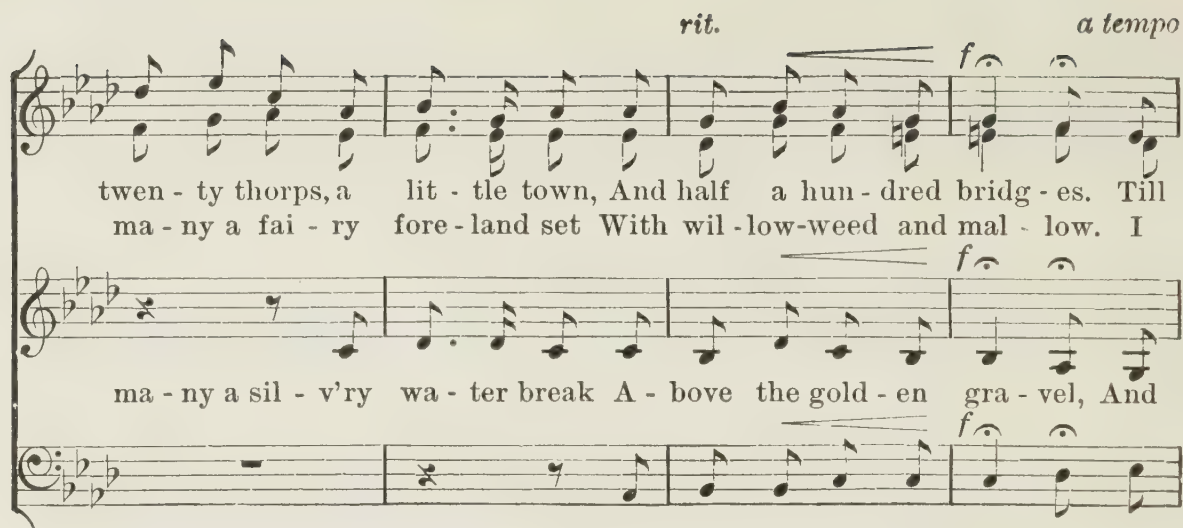
here and there a lus - ty trout, And here and there a gray - ling, And

thir - ty hills I hur - ry down, Or slip between the rid - ges, By  
ma - ny a curve my banks I fret By ma - ny a field and fal - low, And

here and there a foam - y flake Up - on me, as I trav - el With

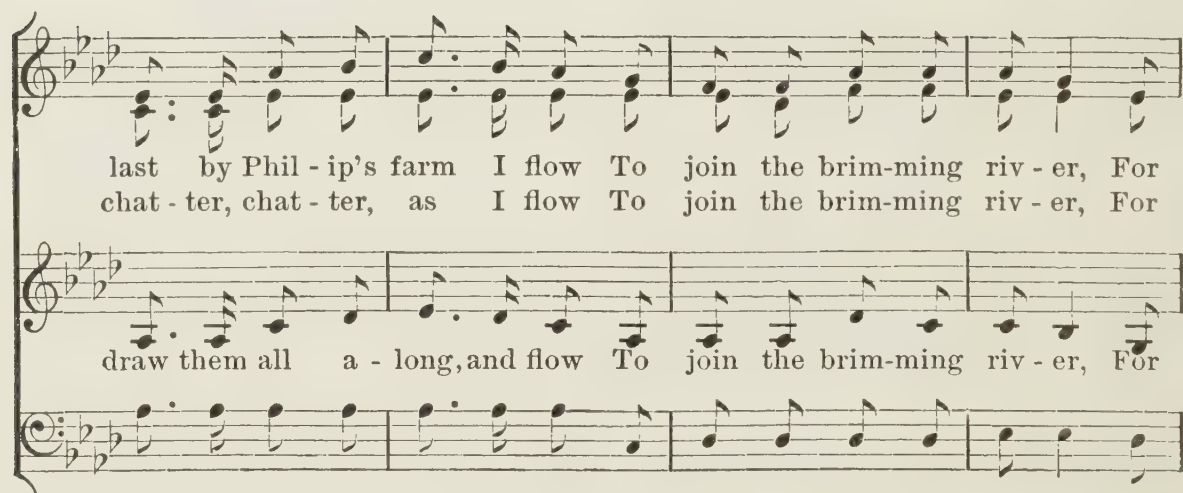


*rit.* *a tempo*



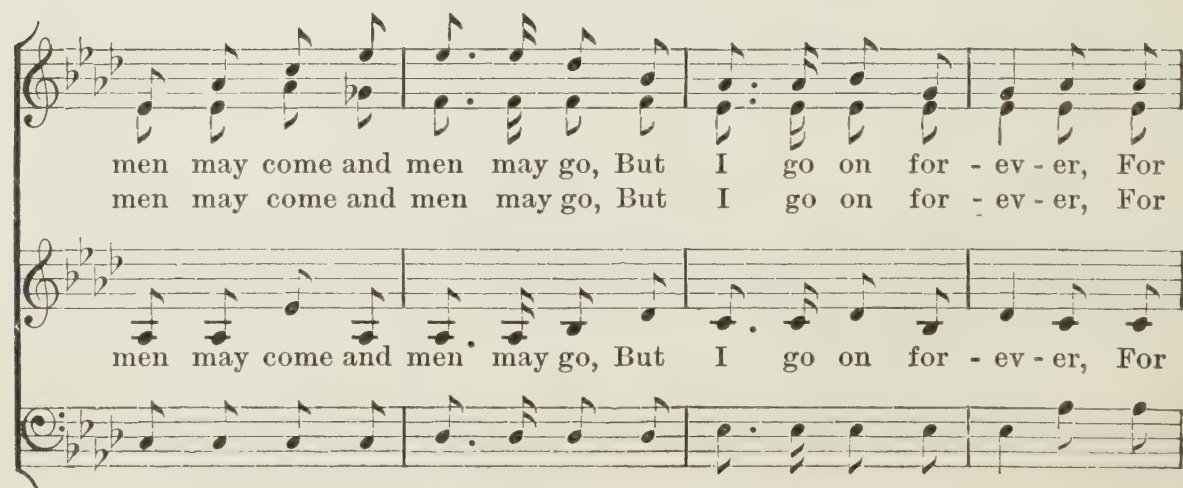
twen - ty thorps, a lit - tle town, And half a hun - dred bridg - es. Till  
ma - ny a fai - ry fore - land set With wil - low - weed and mal - low. I

ma - ny a sil - v'ry wa - ter break A - bove the gold - en gra - vel, And



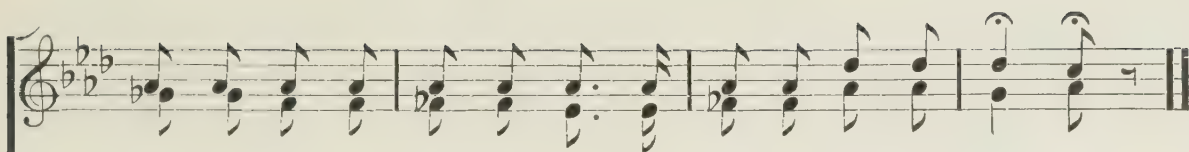
last by Phil - ip's farm I flow To join the brim - ming riv - er, For  
chat - ter, chat - ter, as I flow To join the brim - ming riv - er, For

draw them all a - long, and flow To join the brim - ming riv - er, For

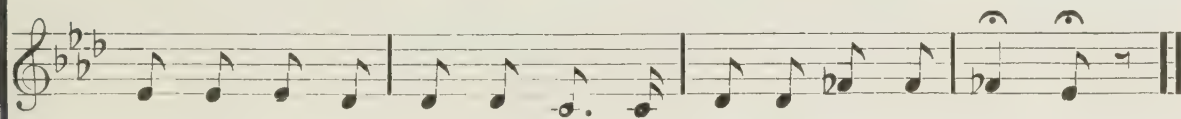


men may come and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er, For  
men may come and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er, For

men may come and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er, For



men may come, and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er.  
men may come, and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er.



men may come, and men may go, But I go on for - ev - er.



## THERE'S JOY IN THE COTTAGE

JAMES BALLANTINE

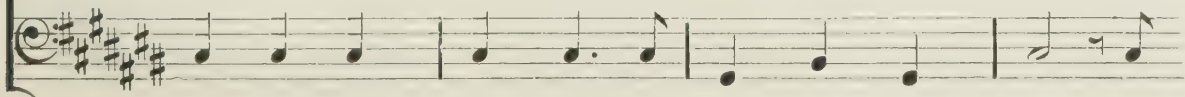
ENGLISH FOLK SONG



1. There's joy in the cot-tage, there's joy in the hall, When  
2. Then kiss 'neath the mistle-toe, and bask 'neath the vine, And



Christ-mas, dear Christmas, brings com - fort to all, When  
let all your hearts in true friend-ship com - bine. Go



friends, who for fame or for for - tune may roam, Feel their  
help ev - 'ry want, and go soothe ev - 'ry woe, And

hearts bound - ing back to the dear ones at home, And  
with broth - er's arms raise a broth - er when low. Be

na - ture burst forth in a gay roun - de - lay. So  
ge - nial while hap - py, be thought - ful while gay. So

*ad lib.*  
hon - or man's dear - est and best hol - i - day, hol - i - day.

*p Allegro*

Ju - val - le ra, ju - val - le ra, We'll sing a mer-ry, mer-ry strain, Ju -

val - le ra, ju - val - le ra, For old King Christmas comes a-gain.

## THE GORSE IS YELLOW

*Allegro moderato*

JOHN HULLAH

1. The gorse is yel - low on the heath, The banks with speed-well  
 2. The wel - come guest of set - tled spring, The swal - low, too, is  
 3. Come, sum - mer vi - sit - ant, at - tach To roof of mine your

flow'rs are gay, The oaks are budding, and, beneath, The hawthorn soon will  
 come at last; At set of sun, when thrushes sing, I saw her dash with  
 nest of clay, And let my ear your mu - sic catch, Low twitt'ring un-der-

bear the wreath, The silver wreath of May, The sil-ver wreath of May.  
 rap - id wing. And hail'd her as she pass'd, And hail'd her as she pass'd.  
 neath the thatch At ear - ly dawn of day, At ear-ly dawn of day.

## THE GOLDEN SUN

*Andantino*

JOHN HULLAH.

1. The gold-en sun goes gent-ly down Behind the western mountain brow ; One  
 2. How many scenes and sights to-day Have basked beneath the self-same ray, Since  
 3. Where'er its ray has broken in, Have light and heat and brightness been. So

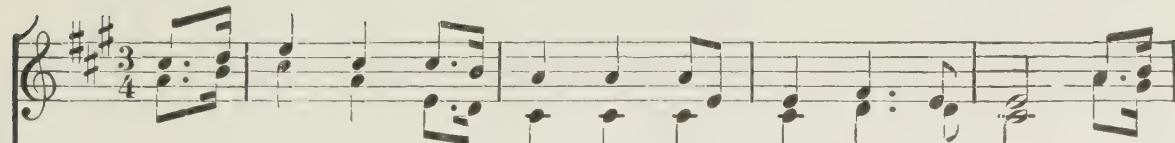
last bright ray is quiv'-ring still, A crim-son line a-long the hill ; It  
 first the glowing morning broke, And larks sprang up and lambs a-woke, And  
 gen-tle love, in ev - 'ry heart, Doth help and hope and peace impart, Not

col-ors with a ro - sy light The clouds far up in heav'n's blue height.  
 fields with glist'ning dewdrops bright Seem'd chang'd to sheets of sil-ver white !  
 turns a-way when griefs oppress, But ev - er shines, and shines to bless.

## I KNOW A SWEET VALLEY

*Moderato*

GERMAN FOLK SONG



1. I know a sweet val - ley where bright wa - ters play, Where
2. There stands a neat cot - tage with wood - bine en - twin'd, And
3. There hearts true and faithful their joy - ful songs raise, And



ev - 'ning is balm - y and bright is the day; A  
sweet hon - ey - suc - kles and li - - lac you'll find. There  
make of the hearth-stone an al - - tar of praise. Oh!



grove full of beau - ty shades val - ley and spring, Where  
peace dwells with free - dom, there foes are not fear'd, There  
sweet is the val - ley where bright wa - ters play, To



birds rear their nest - lings and teach them to sing.  
child - hood is cher - ish'd, and age is re ver'd.  
soothe the cool ev - 'ning and glad - den the day.



## IN THE TALL ELM TREE

GERMAN FOLK SONG

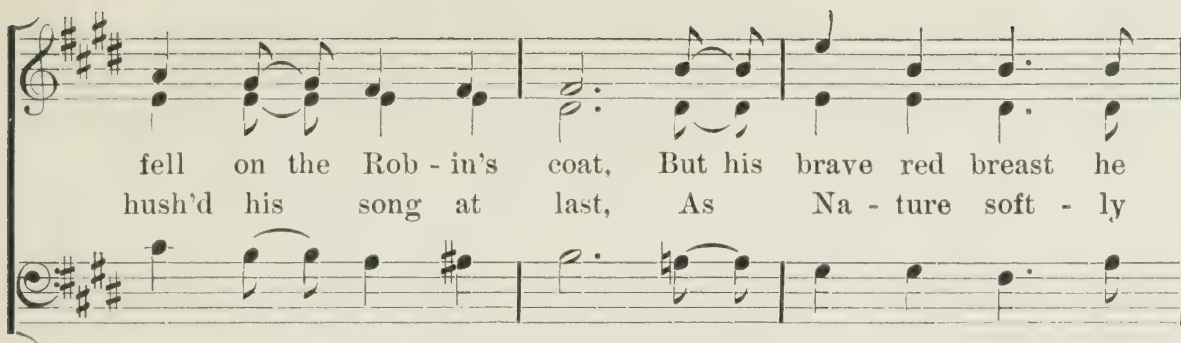
*mf Maestoso*

1. In the tall elm tree sat the Ro - bin bright, Thro' the  
2. For the fields were green and the trees were glad, And the

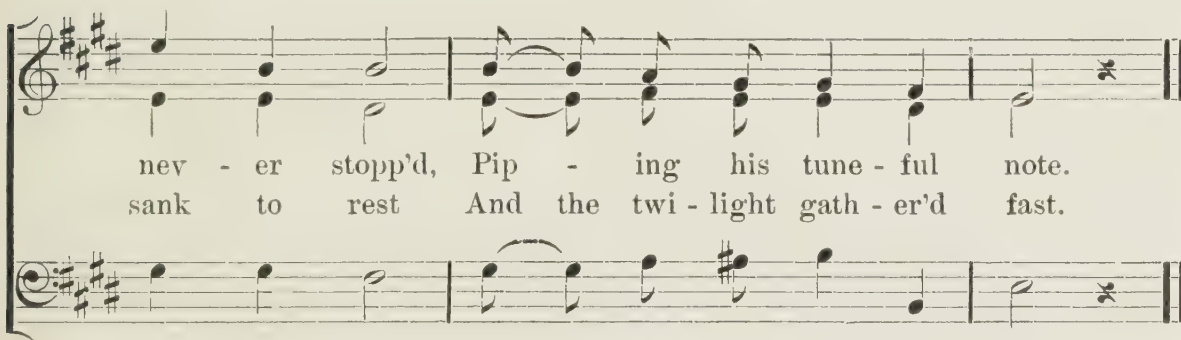
rain - y A - pril day; And he car - oll'd clear with a  
bliss - ful life that stirr'd In the earth's wide breast was

pure de - light, In the face of the sky so gray,  
full and warm In the heart of the lit - tle bird.

And the sil - v'ry rain thro' the blos - soms dropp'd, And  
But the sun dropp'd down in the qui - et west, And he



fell on the Rob - in's coat, But his brave red breast he  
hush'd his song at last, As Na - ture soft - ly

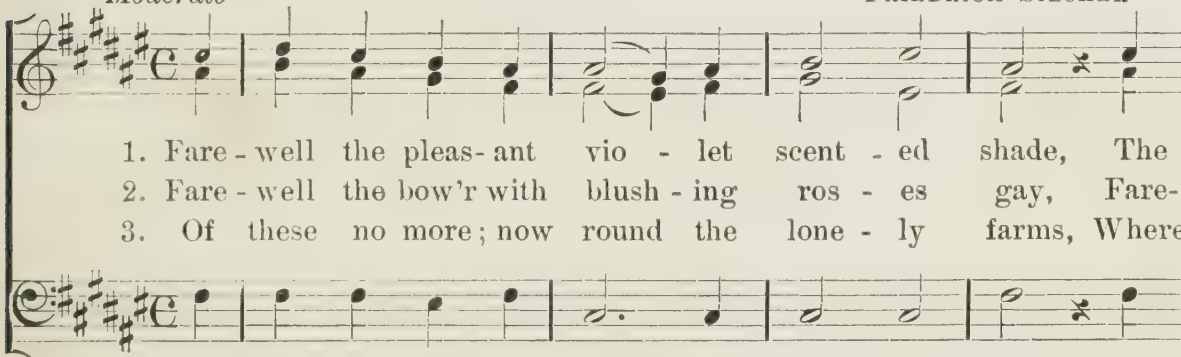


nev - er stopp'd, Pip - ing his tune - ful note.  
sank to rest And the twi - light gath - er'd fast.

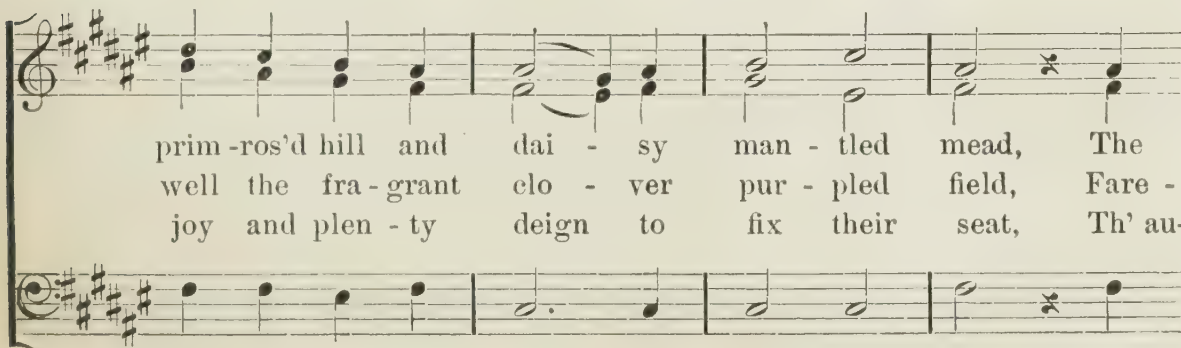
## FAREWELL

*Moderato*

FRIEDRICH SILCHER



1. Fare - well the pleas - ant vio - let scent - ed shade, The  
2. Fare - well the bow'r with blush - ing ros - es gay, Fare -  
3. Of these no more; now round the lone - ly farms, Where



prim - ros'd hill and dai - sy man - tled mead, The  
well the fra - grant clo - ver pur - pled field, Fare -  
joy and plen - ty deign to fix their seat, Th' au -

fur-rowed land with spring - ing corn ar - rayed, The  
well the walk thro' rows . . of new - mown hay, Where  
tum - nal land-scape open - ing all its charms, De -

sun - ny wall with bloom - ing branch - es spread.  
ev'n - ing breez - es min - gled o - dors yield.  
clares kind Na-ture's an - - nual work com - plete.

## GLORIOUS IS JEHOVAH

DE MONTI

*f Maestoso*  
Glo - ri - ous, glo - ri - ous, glo - ri - ous is Je - ho - vah! Glo - ry

*f 2D ALTO OR TENOR*  
Glo - ri - ous, glo - ri - ous, glo - ri - ous is Je - ho - vah! Glo - ry

*f*

be to God on high, And on earth peace, good

be to God on high, And on earth peace, good

be to God on high, And on earth peace, good

will to man, Peace on earth, good will and peace to man. Glo - ri - ous, glo - ri - ous,

will to man, Peace on earth, good will and peace to man. Glo - ri - ous, glo - ri - ous,

will to man, Peace on earth, good will and peace to man. Glo - ri - ous, glo - ri - ous,

glo - ri - ous is Je - ho - vah! Glo - ry be to God on high!

glo - ri - ous is Je - ho - vah! Glo - ry be to God on high!

glo - ri - ous is Je - ho - vah! Glo - ry be to God on high!

*m* *p*

Glo-ry be to God on high, Good will and peace on earth, Peace on earth and

*m* *p*

Glo-ry be to God on high, Good will and peace on earth, Peace on earth and

*m* *p*

good will, good will to man, Peace be on earth, good will to man.

good will, good will to man, Peace be on earth, good will to man.

## OH COME LET US WORSHIP

*Moderato*

*cres.*

*dim.*

CHARLES E. WHITING

*p*

Oh come, let us wor - ship and kneel before the Lord, Let us wor - ship

SECOND ALTO OR TENOR

Oh come, let us wor - ship and kneel before the Lord,

and fall down, For He is the Lord, He is the Lord our God, and

and fall down, He is the Lord our God,

we are the people of His pasture. Let us worship, let us

are the people of His pasture. Let us worship, let us

worship, Let us heart-ily rejoice in the strength of our sal-

worship, Re-joice in the strength of our sal-

va-tion. Let us come before His pres - ence with thanksgiving, and

va-tion. with thanksgiving,

show ourselves glad in Him with psalms.

with psalms. Let us worship, and kneel before the

before the Lord, Let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the

before the Lord, Let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the

before the Lord, Let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the

Lord, for He is the Lord our God, And kneel be-

*cres.* fore the Lord, our Maker, for He is the Lord our God. *f* A - men, *p* A - men.

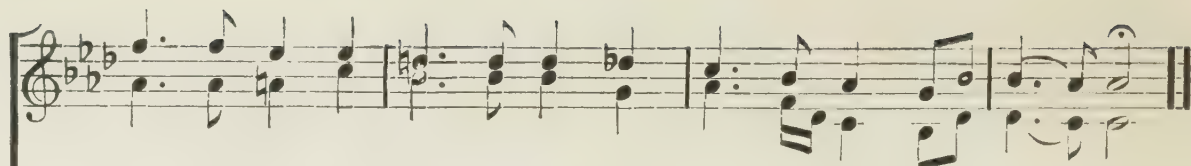
## GATHER YOUR ROSEBUDS

ENGLISH FOLK SONG

*Andante*

1. Gath-er vour rose-buds while you may, Be - fore their leaves are shedding; The  
 2. Life is as frail as the fra - gile rose, And time will lend nor bor - row; To  
 3. The good you do will nev - er die, But o'er the world extending, Shall

Before their leaves are shed-ding;  
 And time will lend nor bor - row;  
 But o'er the world ex - tend - ing,



sweet-est flow'r that bloomstoday, To - mor - row may be fad - ing.  
 day is yours, but evening's close May bring you no to - mor - row.  
 rise at last above the sky, When heav'n and earth are rend - ing.



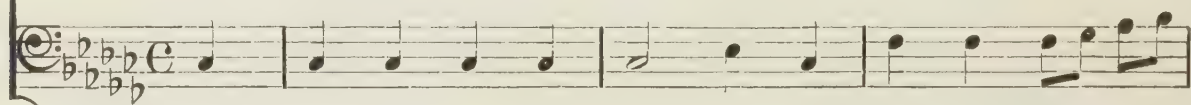
## HOW BRIGHT THE GLORIOUS MORNING

CHARLES E. WHITING

*Allegro moderato*



1. How bright the glo - rious morn - ing! The storm has pass'd a  
 2. Then let us join the cho - rus, Though trou - ble may o'er -



way, The sun-light is a - dorn - ing The hills and mountains gray.  
 cast Our minds; when all be - fore us Is bright, for - get the past.





The tune-ful birds are sing - ing The first glad notes of Spring; Their  
Though clouds have lingered o'er us, And days have gloomy been, Now



voi - ces glad - ly sing - ing The hap - pi - ness they bring.  
sun-shine is be - fore us, No sor - row shall be seen.



## JANUARY BRINGS THE SNOW

SARAH COLERIDGE

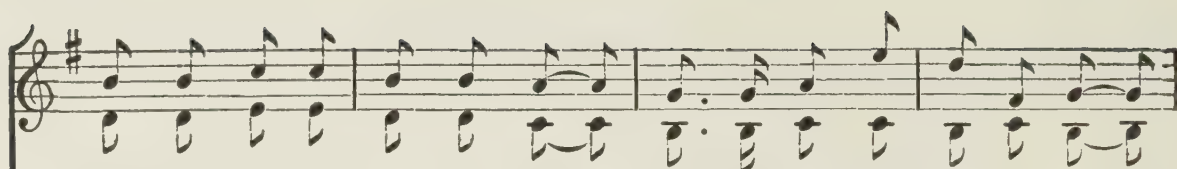
CHARLES E. WHITING

*Andantino*



1. Jan - u - a - ry brings the snow, Makes our feet and fin - gers glow.
2. May brings flocks of pret - ty birds, Humming bees and low - ing herds.
3. Warm Sep - tem - ber brings the fruit, Sportsmen then be - gin to shoot.

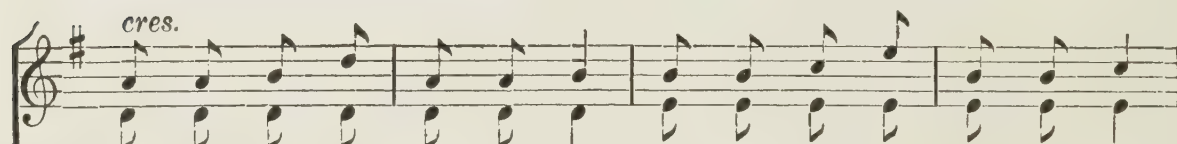




Feb - ru - a - ry brings the rain, Thaws the fro - zen lakes a - gain.

June brings tu-lips, lil - ies, roses, Fills the children's hands with posies.

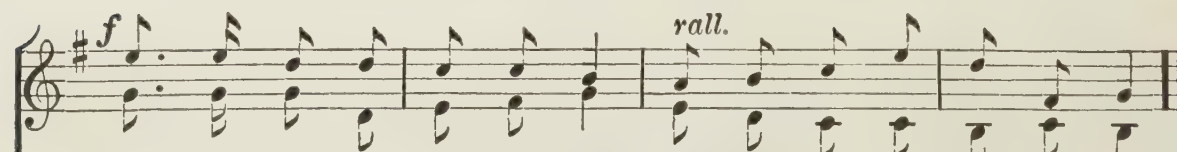
Fresh Oc - to - ber bids us rath - er, Winter's store of nuts to gather.



March brings breezes loud and shrill, Stirs the danc - ing daf - fo - dil.

Hot Ju - ly brings cool-ing show'rs, Fair and per-fume la - den bow'rs.

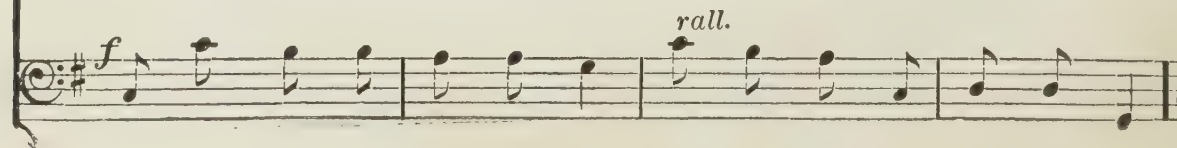
Dull No - vem-ber brings the blast, Then the leaves go whirl - ing fast.



A - pril brings the prim - rose sweet, Scat-ters dai - sies at our feet.

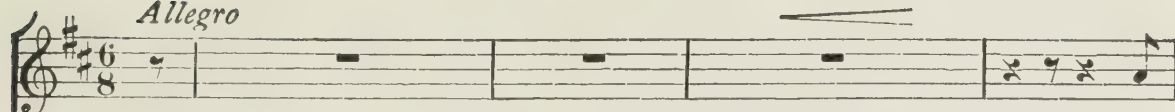
Au - gust brings the sheaves of corn, Then the har - vest home is borne.

Chill De - cem - ber brings the sleet, Blaz - ing fire and Christmas treat.

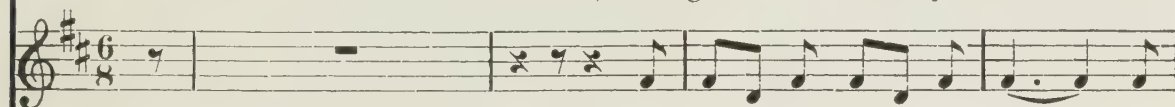


## HOW LOVELY ARE THE WOODS

FRANZ ABT

*Allegro*

1. How love - ly are the woods, The green and shad - y woods! How  
 2. Oh! how I love the woods, The green and shad - y woods! Oh!



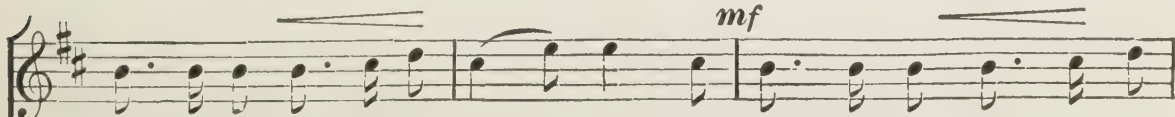
3. Come with me to the woods, The green and shad - y woods! Come

*mf*

love - ly are the woods, The green and shad - y woods! When  
 how I love the woods, The green and shad - y woods! Where



with me to the woods, The green and shad - y woods! Call



sweet - ly the birds are all sing - ing, When thanks for the morn - ing are  
 light swinging branches are trem - bling With dew - drops that soft - ly are



ech - oes that dwell by the moun - tain, To an - swer your voice from the



ring - ing, A-round in the shad - y woods, The green and shad-y  
 sprink-ling The leaves of the shad - y woods, The green and shad-y

*f* *pp*

woods. Tra - la, tra - la, tra - la,.... tra - la,.... tra -  
 woods. Tra - la, tra - la, tra - la,.... tra - la,.... tra -

*f* *ff*

tra-la,

- la,.... tra - la, tra-la, tra - la, tra - la, tra-la, tra - la.  
 - la,.... tra - la, tra-la, tra - la, tra - la, tra-la, tra - la.

*mf*

tra-la,

# PRETTY VILLAGE MAIDEN

CHARLES FRANCOIS GOUNOD

1. Pret - ty vil - lage maid - en, Art thou dreaming now? . . . .

2. Pret - ty vil - lage maid - en, Art thou smil - ing now, . . . .

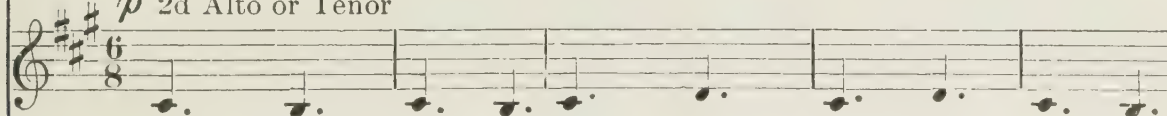
*p Allegretto*



1 Pret - ty vil - lage maid - en, Art thou dreaming now?

2. Pret - ty vil - lage maid - en, Art thou smiling now,

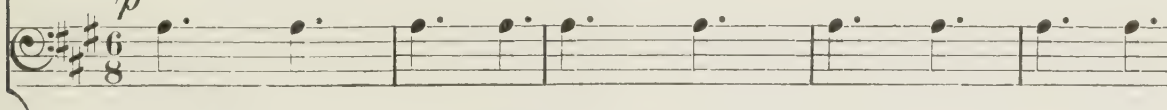
*p* 2d Alto or Tenor



1. Pret - ty vil - lage maid - en, Art thou dream - ing,

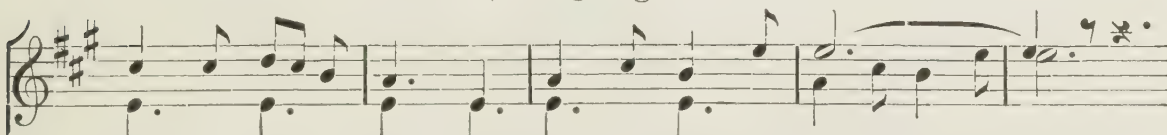
2. Pret - ty vil - lage maid - en, Art thou smil - ing,

*p*



Like the new-born morning, Deck with smiles thy brow! . . . .

As thou hear'st our voice - es, Sing - ing sweet and low? . . . .



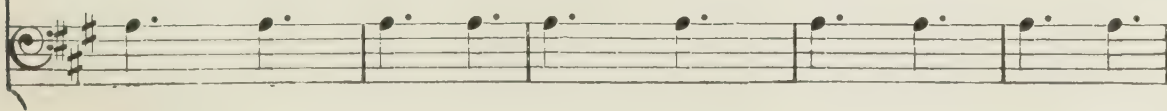
Like the new - born morn - ing, Deck with smiles thy brow!

As thou hear'st our voice - es, Singing sweet and low?



Like the new - born morn - ing, Thy brow deck - ing?

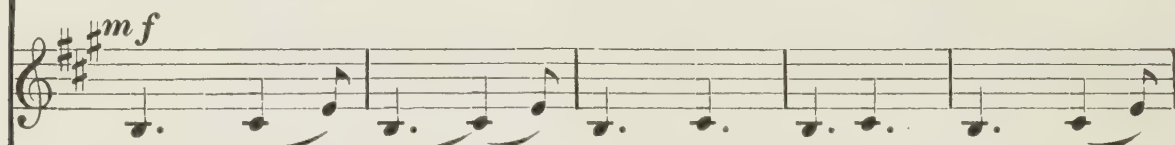
As thou hear'st our voice - es, Sweet - ly sing - ing?



Hark! the birds are singing! Dost hear from tree to tree, Sweet their echoes  
*mf* Wake thou from thy slumber, Thou should'st no longer sleep. Come and take our



Hark! the birds, the birds are sing-ing, Sweet their  
 Wake thou, wake thou from thy slum-ber. Come and



Hark! the birds, the birds are sing-ing, Sweet their  
 Wake thou, wake thou from thy slum-ber, Come and



ring - ing In honor, love, of thee? Come and share the flow - ers,  
 wel - come, Thy bri-dal morn we keep.



ech - oes, ech - oes ring - ing. Share the flow - ers,  
 take, Oh! take our wel - come.



ech - oes, ech - oes ring - ing. Share the flow - ers,  
 take, O! take our wel - come.



Fair - er than the day. Pret - ty, pret - ty maid - en, Come, come a -

Fair - er than the day, Pret - ty maid - en, come a -

way. Pret - ty, pret - ty maid - en, Come, come, come a - way.

way. Pret - ty maid - en, come, come a - way.

way a - way.

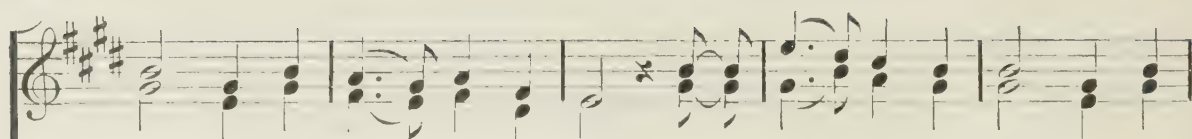
## 'MID PLEASURES AND PALACES

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

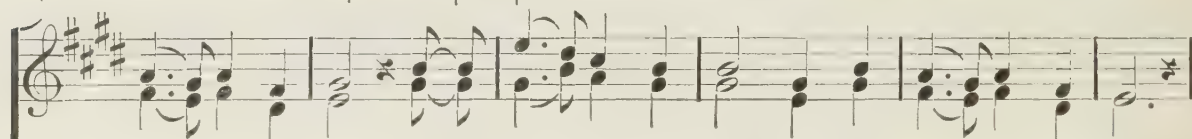
H. R. BISHOP

*With feeling*

1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so  
 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild; I feel that my  
 3. An ex - ile from home, splendor dazzles in vain; Oh! give me my



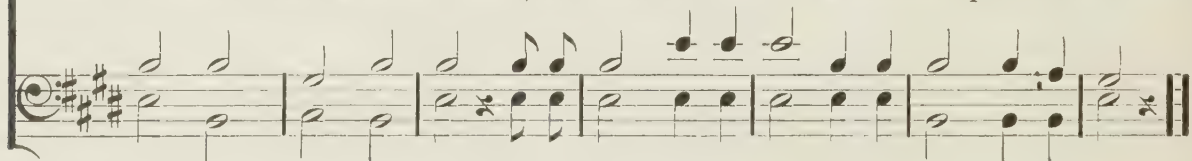
hum - ble there's no place like home, A charm from the skies seems to  
moth - er now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our  
low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain! The birds sing-ing gai - ly that



hal - low us there, Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.  
own cottage door, Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.  
came at my call, Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear-er than all.



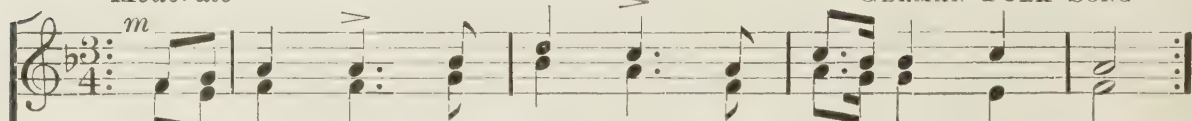
Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Be it ever so humble, There's no place like home.



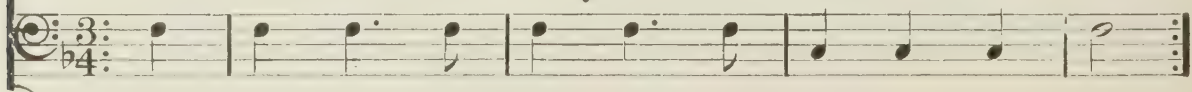
## SWEET SPRING IS RETURNING

*Moderato*

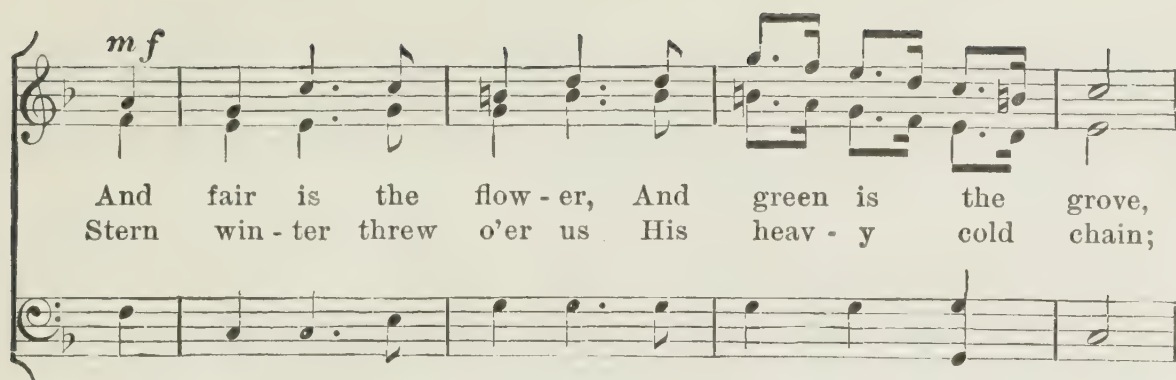
GERMAN FOLK SONG



1. { Sweet spring is re - turn - ing, She breathes on the plain,  
And mead - ows are bloom - ing In beau - ty a - gain:
2. { Come, glad - ly I greet thee, Thou love - li - est guest!  
Ah! long have we wait - ed By thee to be blest.

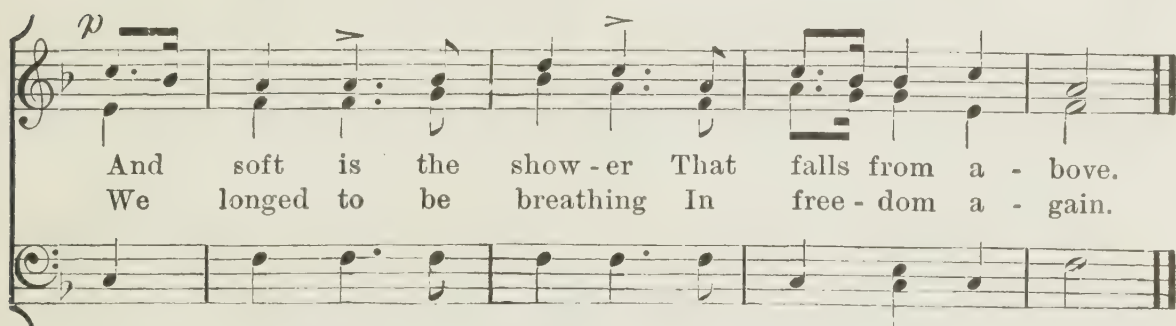


*mf*



And fair is the flow - er, And green is the grove,  
Stern win - ter threw o'er us His heav - y cold chain;

*p*



And soft is the show - er That falls from a - bove.  
We longed to be breathing In free - dom a - gain.

## ONCE A BOY A ROSE DID SPY

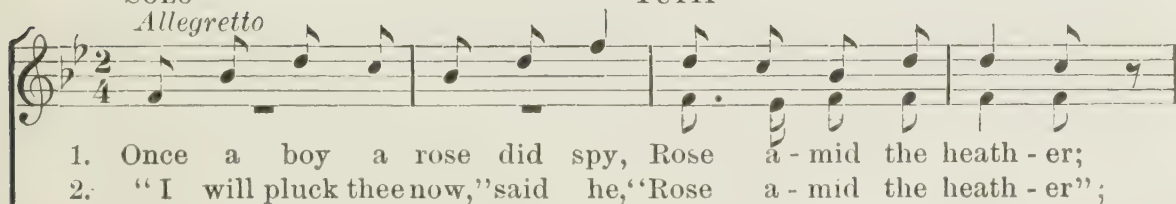
GOETHE

MORITZ HAUPTMANN

SOLO

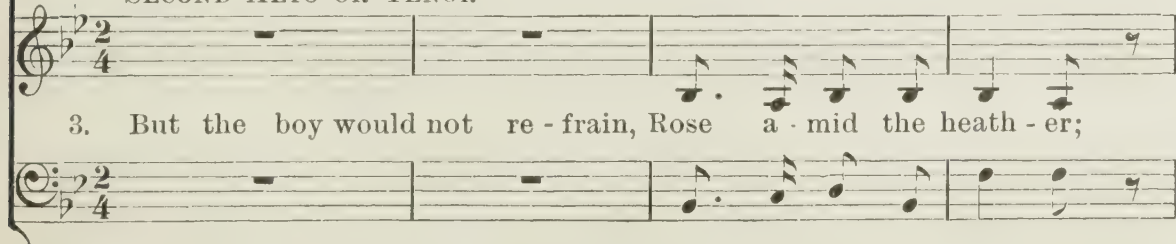
TUTTI

*Allegretto*



1. Once a boy a rose did spy, Rose a - mid the heath - er;  
2. "I will pluck thee now," said he, "Rose a - mid the heath - er";

SECOND ALTO OR TENOR



3. But the boy would not re - frain, Rose a - mid the heath - er;

## SOLI

*mf*

Fresh and fair it met the eye, And he hur-ried ea-ger-ly  
Rose-bud answered "Touch me not! Or a thorn I'll stick in thee.

All re-sis-tance was in vain, Naught a-vailed it grief or pain,

## TUTTI

All its sweets to gather! Rose-bud, rose-bud, rosebud, rosebud,  
Leave me 'mid the heather!" Rose-bud, rose-bud, rosebud, rosebud,  
Dy-ing 'mid the heather! Rose-bud, rose-bud, rosebud,

Rose a - mid the heath - er.

red, Rose a - mid the heath - er, Rosebud red.  
red, Rose a - mid the heath - er, Rosebud red.  
Rose a - mid the heath - er.

# BELLS ARE DAILY TINKLING GAILY

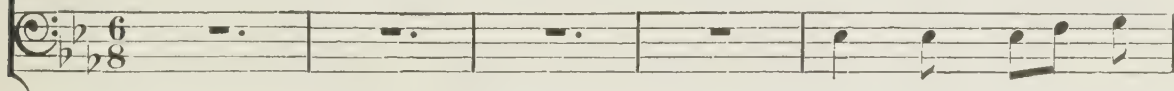
A. J. FOXWELL

ARTHUR WHITING

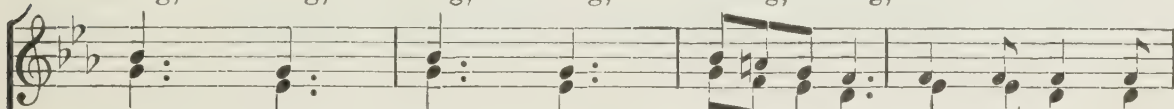
Kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, klang, Kling, klang,  
*Allegretto*

*Crescendo*

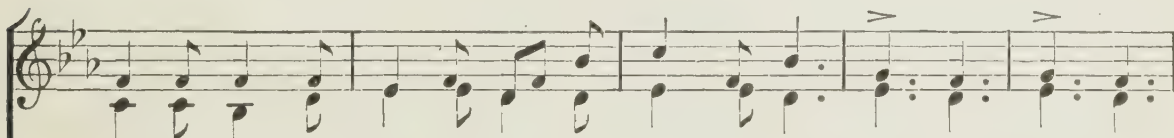
1. Bells are dai - ly
2. Now the shin - ing
3. From the sledg - es



Kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, klang,



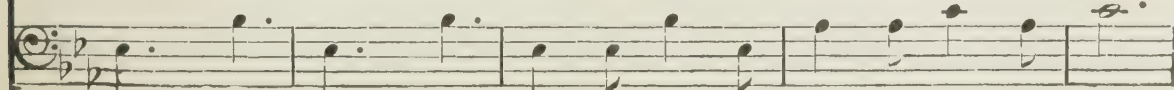
tink - ling gai - ly, For the win - ter is begun; How they jin - gle  
 snow is shrin - ing All the hol - lows of the ground; Ev' - ry high - way,  
 come the pledg - es Of a gay and fes - tive time; Shouts and laughter



as they min - gle, All the way - side tones in one! Kling, klang, kling, klang,  
 ev' - ry byway, Hears the sleigh bells' joyous sound. Kling, klang, kling, klang,  
 rippling aft - er, Swell the sleigh bells' merry chime. Kling, klang, kling, klang,



kling, klang, kling, klang, All the wayside tones in one, kling, klang,



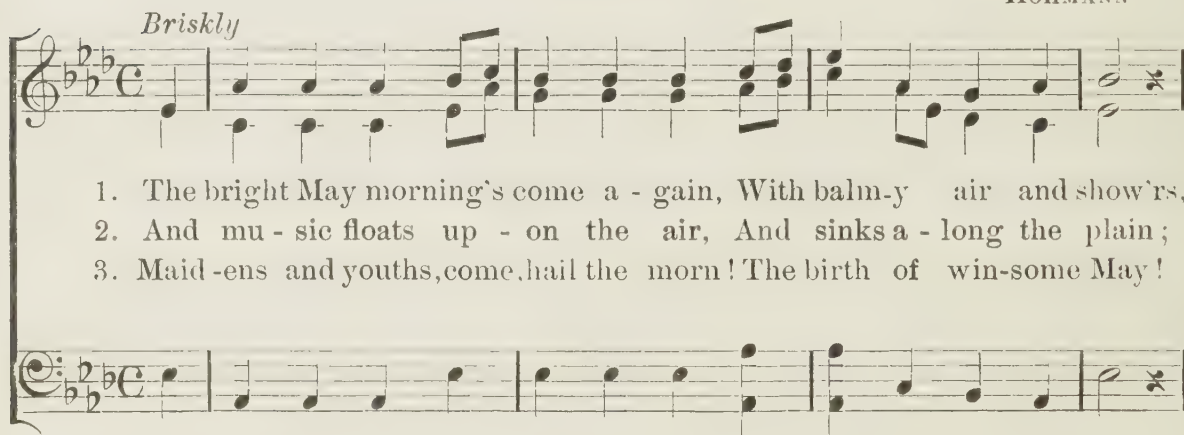


kling,      klang,      kling,      klang,      kling, kling, klang.

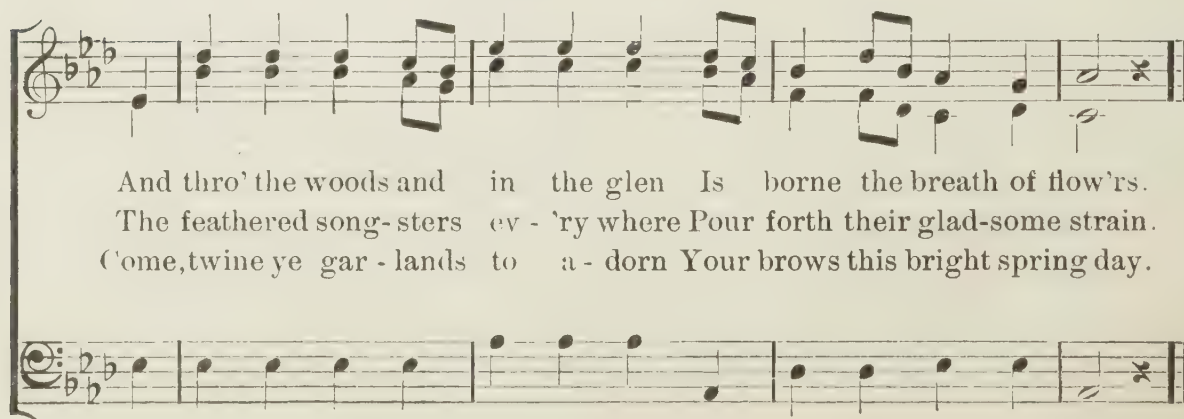
## THE BRIGHT MAY MORNING'S COME AGAIN

HOHMANN

*Briskly*



1. The bright May morning's come a - gain, With balm-y air and show'rs,
2. And mu - sic floats up - on the air, And sinks a - long the plain;
3. Maid - ens and youths, come, hail the morn! The birth of win-some May!



And thro' the woods and in the glen Is borne the breath of flow'rs.  
 The feathered song-sters ev - 'ry where Pour forth their glad-some strain.  
 Come, twine ye gar - lands to a - dorn Your brows this bright spring day.

## IN SOLEMN CALM

CHARLES E. WHITING

*Moderato*

In sol - emn calm a si - lence ho - ly Now lies on all things

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'.

far and nigh; The woods a - lone are bend - ing low - ly To

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs, maintaining the same key signature and tempo.

greet their Mak - er pass - ing by, To greet their Mak - er pass - ing by, To

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs, maintaining the same key signature and tempo.

greet their Mak - er pass - ing by, their Mak - er pass - ing by.

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. It consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs, maintaining the same key signature and tempo. The melody ends with a final cadence.

I feel my be - ing new cre - a - ted. Where now is care and

sor - row gone? The fears that late - ly o - - ver -

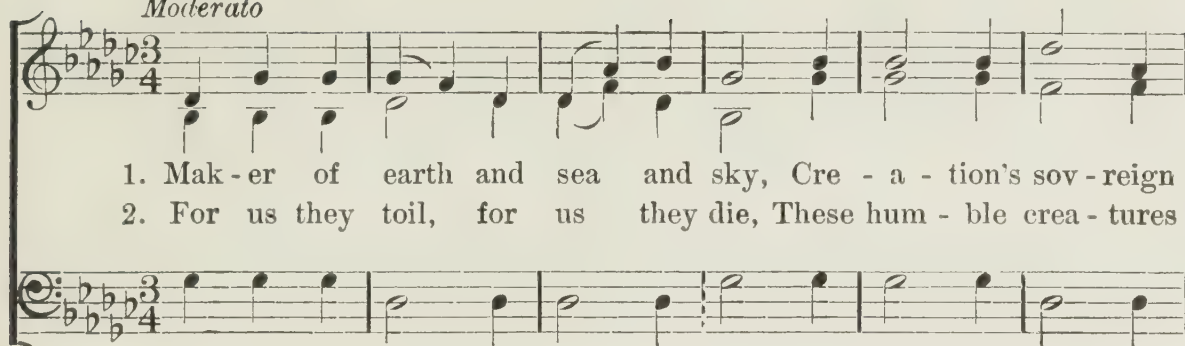
weight - ed, Re - turn a - bash'd be - fore the dawn, Re -

turn a - bash'd be - fore the dawn, a - bash'd be - fore the dawn.

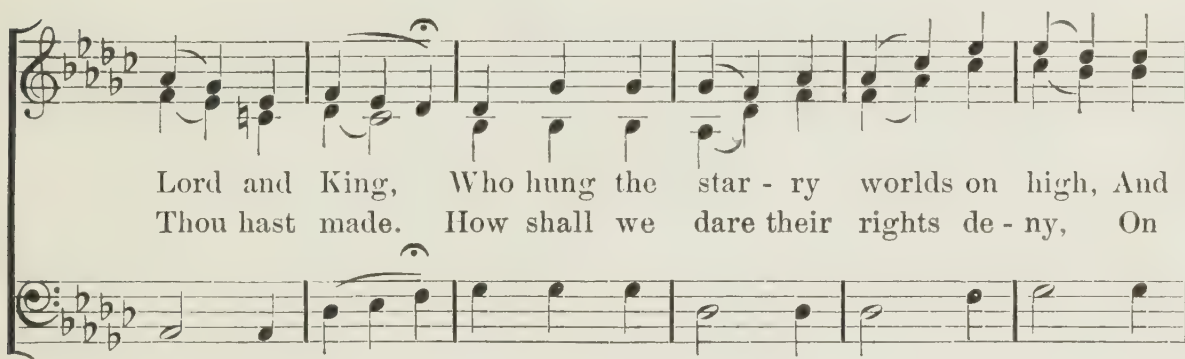
## MAKER OF EARTH

E. B. LORD

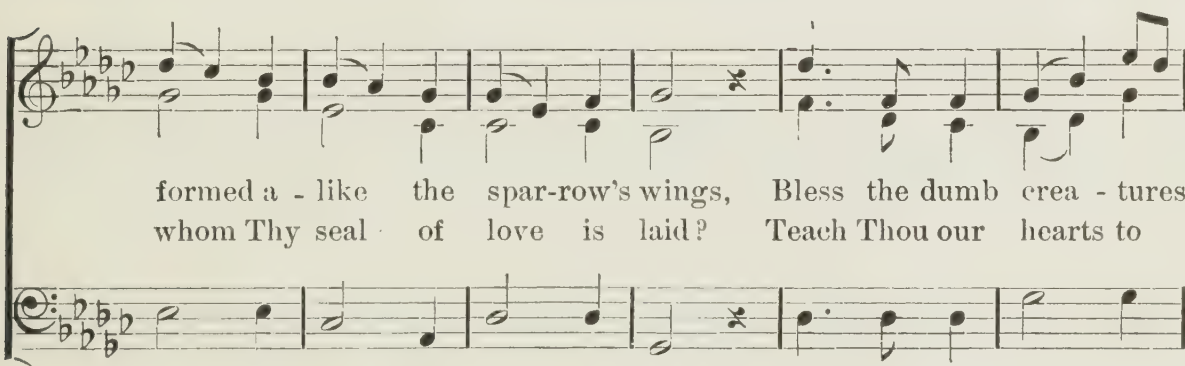
CHARLES E. WHITING

*Moderato*


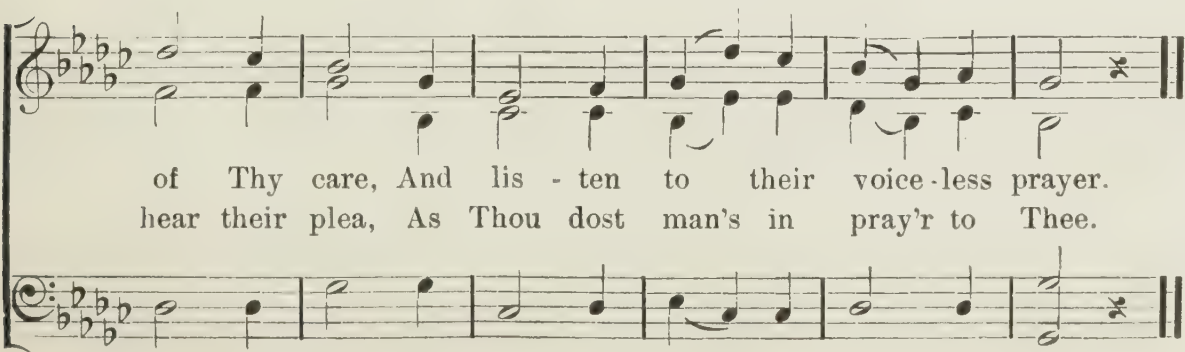
1. Mak - er of earth and sea and sky, Cre - a - tion's sov - reign  
2. For us they toil, for us they die, These hum - ble crea - tures



Lord and King, Who hung the star - ry worlds on high, And  
Thou hast made. How shall we dare their rights de - ny, On



formed a - like the spar-row's wings, Bless the dumb crea - tures  
whom Thy seal of love is laid? Teach Thou our hearts to



of Thy care, And lis - ten to their voice - less prayer.  
hear their plea, As Thou dost man's in pray'r to Thee.

## COME SILENT EVENING

L. DE CALL

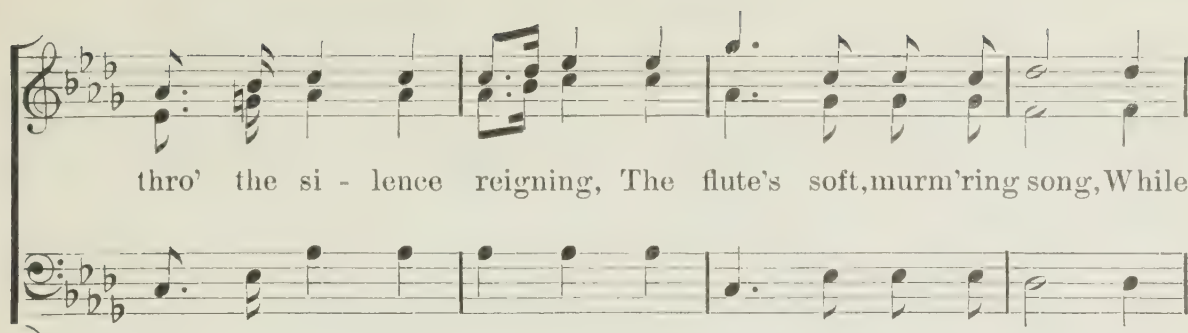
*Moderato*

Come, si - lent eve-ning, o'er us, In this se-ques-ter'd plain, And  
See twi - light fast de - scending Up - on each dale and hill; The

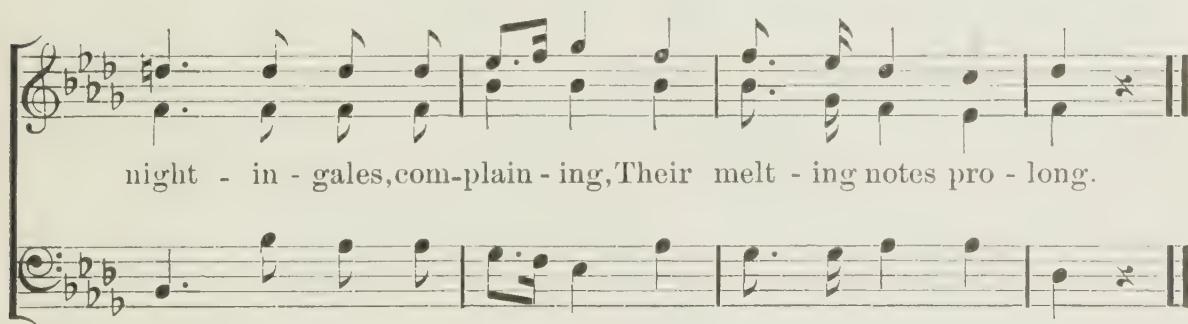
as thou clos - est o'er us, We'll chant our hum - ble strain.  
sun his last rays bend - ing, Now glim - mers on the hill.

Now love - ly na - ture wear - eth Too soon the garb of night, And

beau - ti - ful ap - pear - eth The moon with sil - v'ry light. Hark!

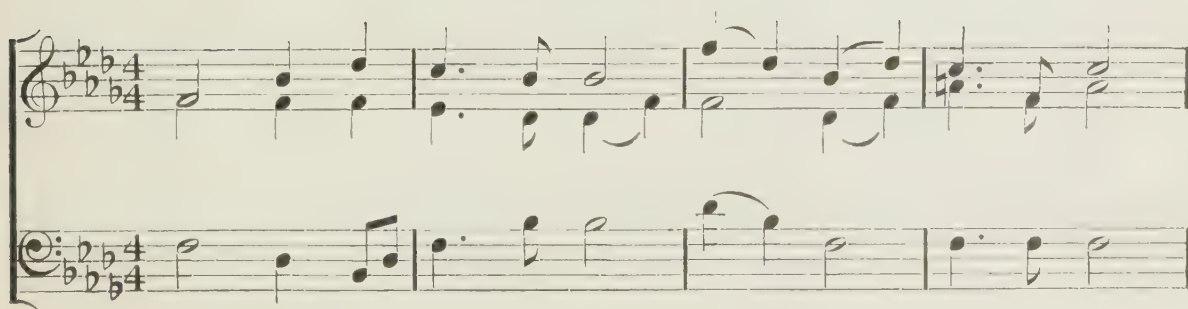


thro' the si - lence reigning, The flute's soft, murm'ring song, While



night - in - gales, com-plain - ing, Their melt - ing notes pro - long.

## SOLFEGGIO



## SING, SING FOR THE OAK TREE

MARY HOWITT

JOHN HULLAH

*Allegro maestoso*

1. Sing, sing for the oak tree, The monarch of the wood; Sing,  
 2. Four cent'ries grows the oak tree, Nor doth its ver-dure fail; Its  
 3. The oak tree of the for-est Both east and west shall fly; The

sing for the oak tree, That grow-eth green and good; That  
 heart is like the i-ron-wood, Its bark like plat-ed mail. Now  
 bless-ings of a thousand lands Up-on our ship shall lie; She

grow-eth broad and branch-ing With-in the for-est shade; That  
 cut us down the oak tree, The mon-arch of the wood, And  
 shall not be a man-of-war, Nor pi-rate shall she be, But a

grow-eth now, and yet shall grow, When we are low-ly laid!  
 of its tim-bers, stout and strong, We'll build a ves-sel good!  
 no-ble sail-ing mer-chant ship, To plough the rag-ing sea.

## WHEN WINDS BLOW PURE

JOHN HULLAH

*Moderato*

1. When winds blow pure and free - ly, And blos - soms load the air,  
 2. How sweet un - to the wea - ry, In such un - vex'd re - pose,  
 3. And then how fresh the slum - bers, Which fall up - on our eyes,

And green trees wave their branch - es, And all a - round looks fair,  
 When evening's length'ning shad - ows A - round our cot - tage close!  
 When night's clear dews are fall - ing And stars are in the skies!

I ply my dai - ly la - bor, And work till night has come,  
 With qui - et in our bo - soms, We sit in twi - light's shades,  
 No fev'r - ish dreams af - fright us, And make us start and weep,

And then re turn con - tent - ed, To rest my - self at home.  
 And watch the crim - son ra - diance, As from the west it fades.  
 But trust - ing in God's kind care, We gent - ly sink to sleep.

## HARK! THE DEEP TONED BELL

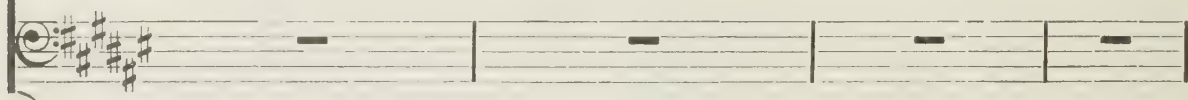
ENGLISH FOLK SONG

*Moderato*

1. Hark! the deep ton'd bell is call - ing, Come, O come!  
 2. Now a - gain its notes are peal - ing, Come, O come!  
 3. Still the ech - oed voice is sing - ing, Hith - er come!



Wea - ry ones no lon - ger wan - der, Hith - er come;  
 In the sa - cred tem - ple kneel - ing, Seek thy home;  
 Ev - 'ry heart pure in - cense bring - ing, Hith - er come;



Loud - er now and deep - er peal - ing, On the heart that  
 Come, and in His pres - ence bend - ing, Love the place where  
 Fa - ther, round Thy foot - stool bend - ing, May our souls to

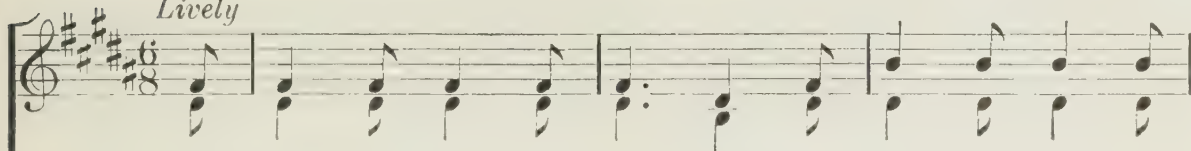


voice is steal - ing, Come, no lon - ger roam, Come, no lon - ger roam.  
 God de - scending Calls the spir - it home, Calls the spir - it home.  
 heav'n as - cend - ing, Find in Thee their home, Find in Thee their home.



## THRO' LANES WITH HEDGEROWS PEARLY

GERMAN FOLK SONG

*Lively*

1. Thro' lanes with hedge-rows pearl - y, Go forth the reap - ers
2. At noon they leave the mead - ow, Be - neath the friend - ly
3. And when the west is burn - ing, From shav - en fields re -



ear - ly, A - mong the yel - low corn, . . A -  
 shad - ow Of mon - arch oak to dine, . . Of  
 turn - ing, Up - on the train they come, . . Up -



mong the yel - low corn. . . Good luck be - tide their  
 mon - arch oak to dine. . . And 'mid its branch - es  
 on the train they come; . And all their ham - let



sheav - ing, For win - ter now is near - ing, And  
hoar - y, Goes up a thought - ful sto - ry, The  
neigh - bors, Re - joice to crown their la - bors, With

we must fill the barn, . . And we must fill the barn. Tra  
har - vest is so fine, . . The har - vest is so fine. Tra  
mer - ry har - vest home, . With mer - ry har - vest home. Tra

la la la, Tra la la la, The bus - y har - vest - time, Tra  
la la la, Tra la la la, The bless - ed har - vest - time, Tra  
la la la, Tra la la la, The joy - ous har - vest - time, Tra

la la la, Tra la la la, The bus - y har - vest - time.  
la la la, Tra la la la, The bless - ed har - vest - time.  
la la la, Tra la la la, The joy - ous har - vest - time.

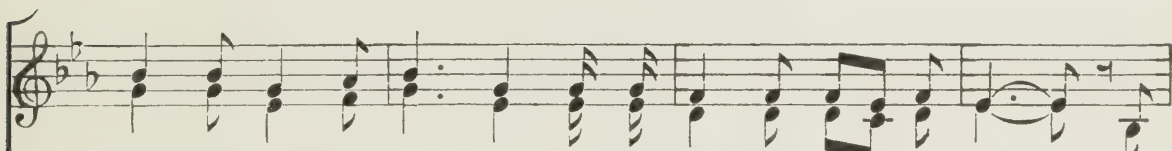
# FLOWERS WILD WOOD FLOWERS

*Moderato*

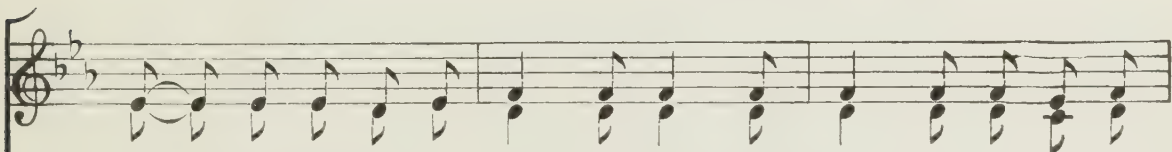
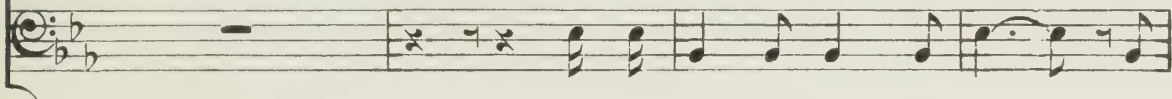
LOWELL MASON



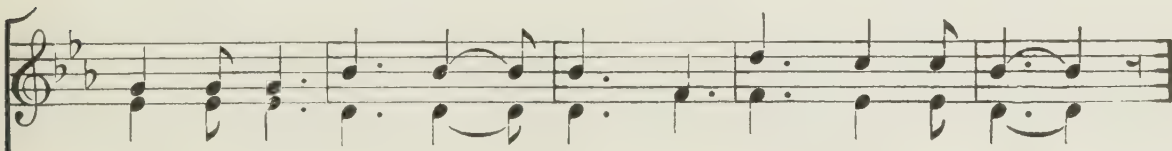
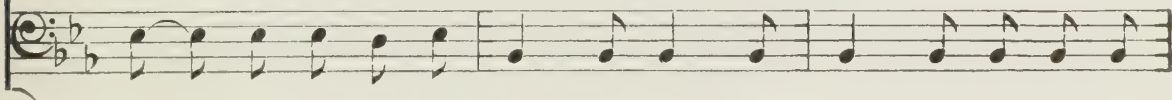
1. Flowers, wildwood flow - ers, In the shel-ter'd dell they grew,
2. Flowers, love - ly flow - ers, In the gar - den we may see,



Flow - ers, wildwood flow - ers, In a shel-ter'd dell they grew. I  
Flow - ers, love - ly flow - ers, In the gar - den we may see. The

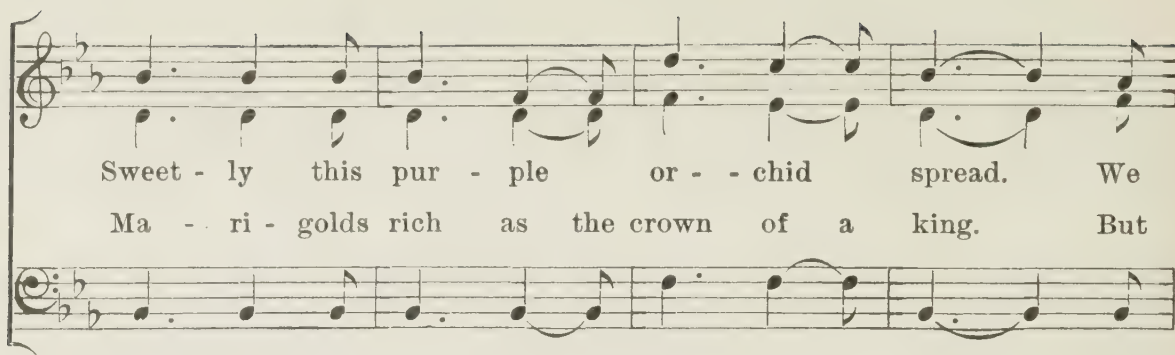


hurried a - long, and I chanced to spy This small star flow'r with its  
rose is there with her ru - by lip, With pinks whose hon - ey we

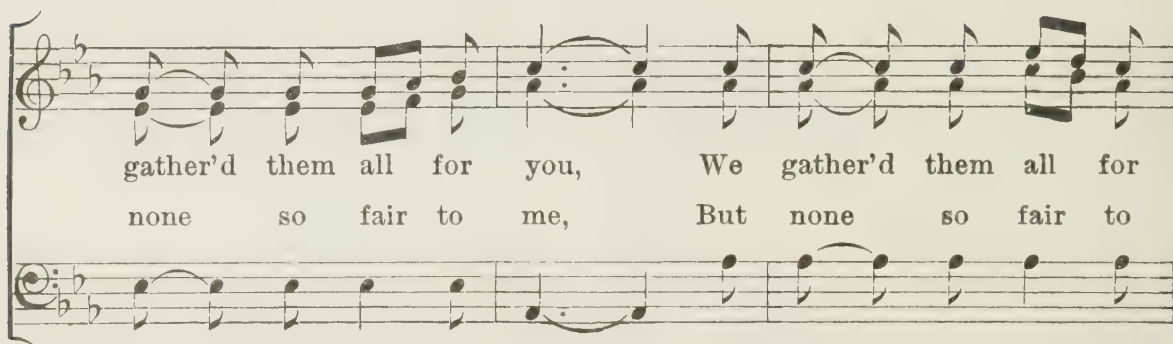


silv - 'ry eye; Then this blue dai - sy peep'd up its head,  
love to sip, Tu - lips gay as but - ter - flies' wings,

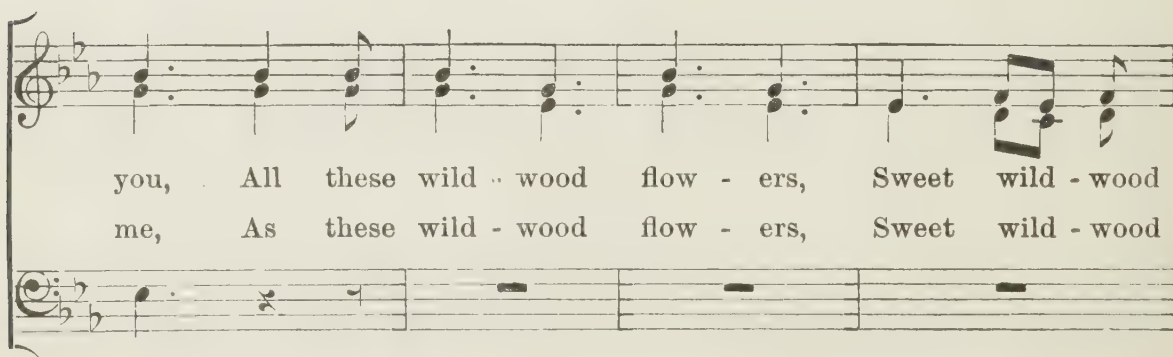




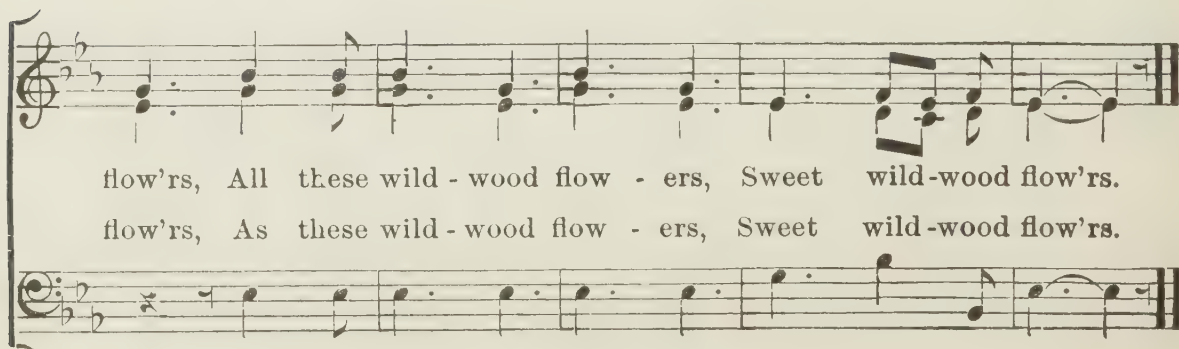
Sweet - ly this pur - ple or - - chid spread. We  
Ma - ri - golds rich as the crown of a king. But



gather'd them all for you, We gather'd them all for  
none so fair to me, But none so fair to



you, All these wild - wood flow - ers, Sweet wild - wood  
me, As these wild - wood flow - ers, Sweet wild - wood



flow'rs, All these wild - wood flow - ers, Sweet wild-wood flow'rs.  
flow'rs, As these wild - wood flow - ers, Sweet wild-wood flow'rs.

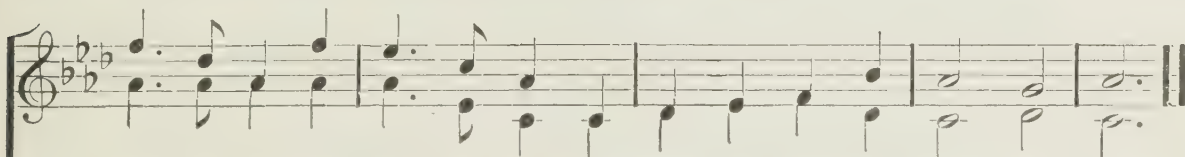
## OH SEE THE LOVELY GOLDEN SUN

*Moderato*

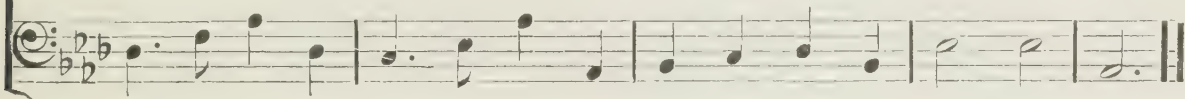
ALBERT GOTTLIEB METHFESSEL



1. Oh see the love-ly gold - en sun, His high, his heav'nly pathway run! What
2. A sea of fire he sails on high, Sheds light and warmth o'er earth and sky, And
3. Thus, day by day, a - gain he'll rise, And walk in glo-ry thro' the skies; From



bids him leave so fresh and bright His east-ern throne of morn - ing light?  
 nev - er tires nor sinks to rest Till filled with joy is ev - 'ry breast.  
 morn to night, from shore to shore, He'll rise to bless, till time is o'er.



## FLOAT ON MY BARK

*Con spirito*

GERMAN FOLK SONG

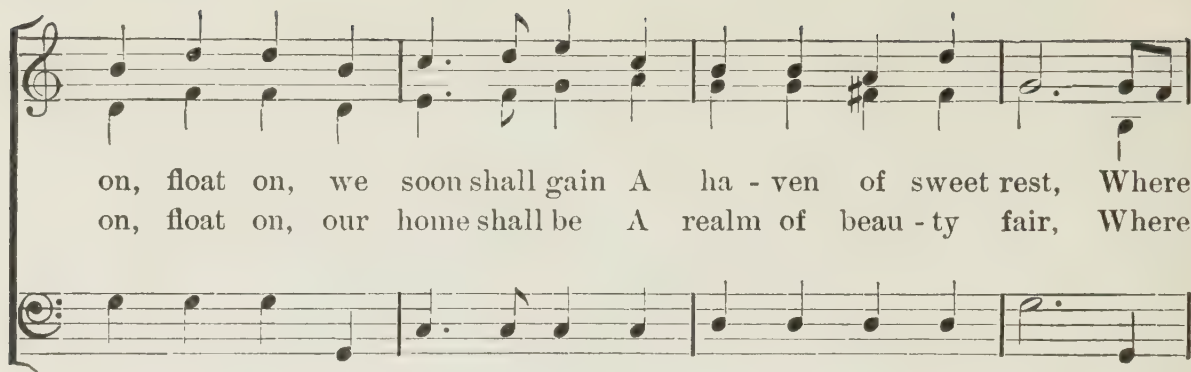


1. Float on, float on, my bon - ny bark, Up - on life's sil - v'ry stream, Nor
2. Float on, float on, we'll leave be - hind The dull and life - less shore, We'll

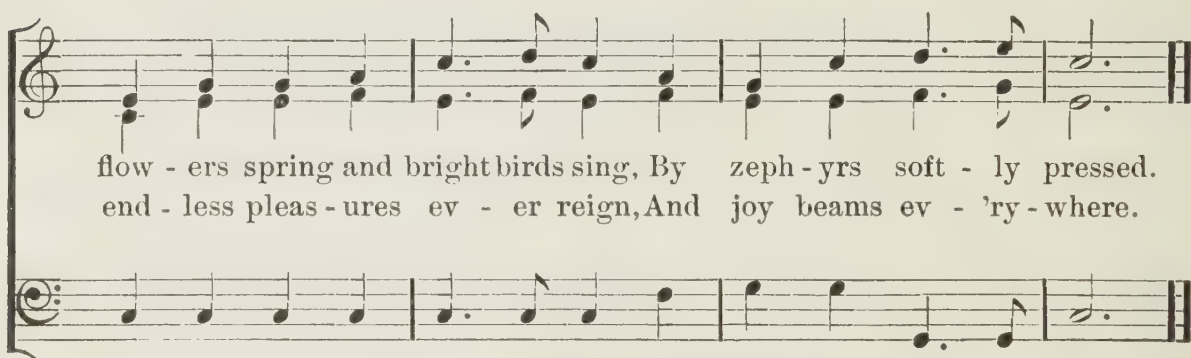


heed the clouds that up - ward rise, The light-ning's fit - ful gleam. Float  
 ride the blue and storm - y deep, A - mid old o - cean's roar. Float





on, float on, we soon shall gain A ha - ven of sweet rest, Where  
on, float on, our home shall be A realm of beau - ty fair, Where

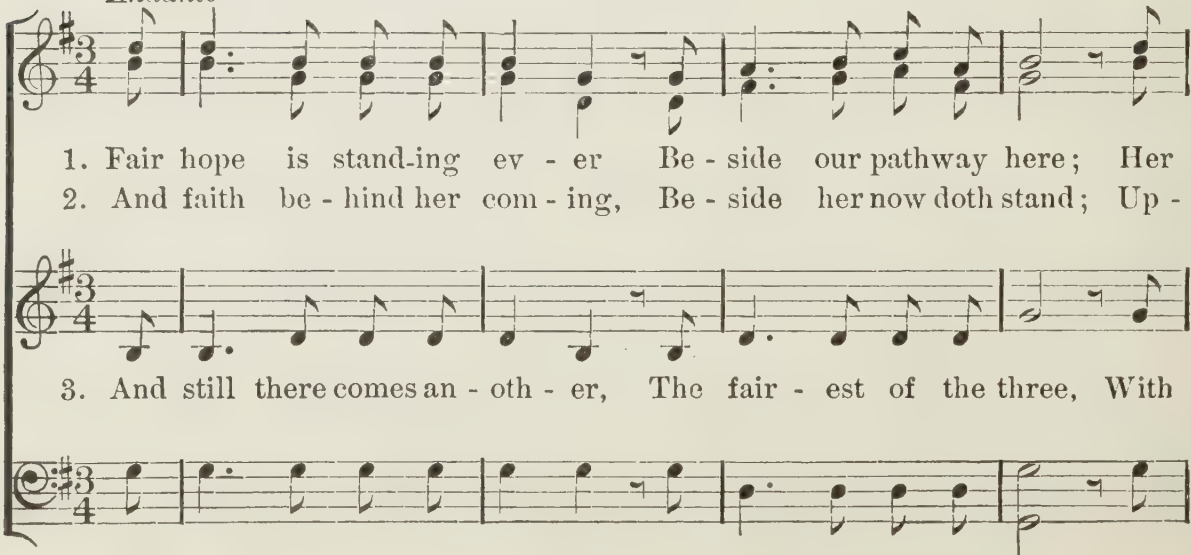


flow - ers spring and bright birds sing, By zeph - yrs soft - ly pressed.  
end - less pleas - ures ev - er reign, And joy beams ev - 'ry - where.

## FAIR HOPE IS STANDING EVER

FRANZ SCHUBERT

*Andante*



1. Fair hope is stand - ing ev - er Be - side our pathway here; Her  
2. And faith be - hind her com - ing, Be - side her now doth stand; Up -

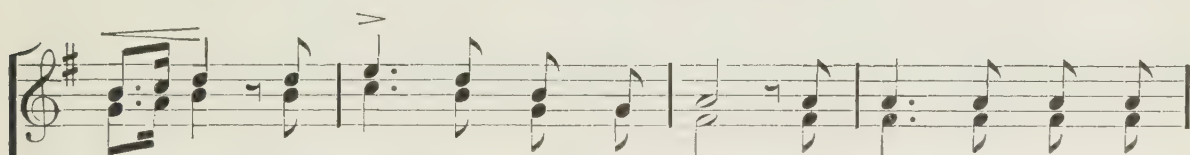
3. And still there comes an - oth - er, The fair - est of the three, With



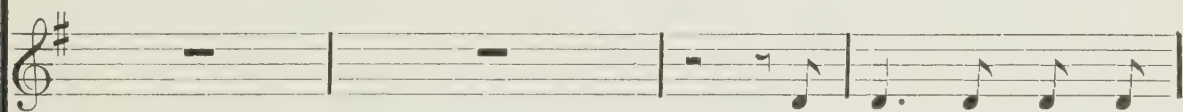
smile of sun-ny glad-ness Is full of lov-ing cheer, And with her gen-tle  
on her might-y an-chor She firm-ly rests her hand. No storms can ev-er



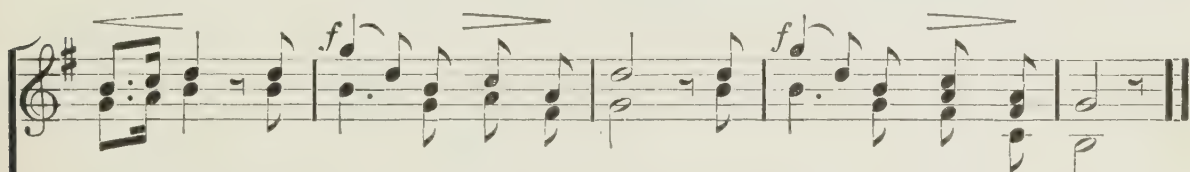
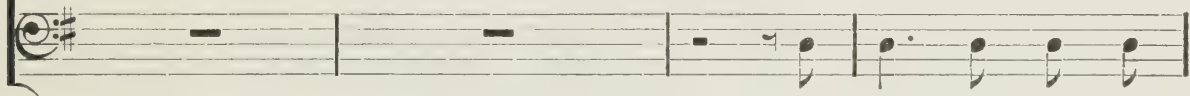
beau-tv like a ser-aph, Im-mor-tal char-i-ty. Her pure and child-like



fin-ger She points to cloud-ed skies, And says: "With ev-'ry  
shake her. With clear and stead-fast mien, She looks be-yond the



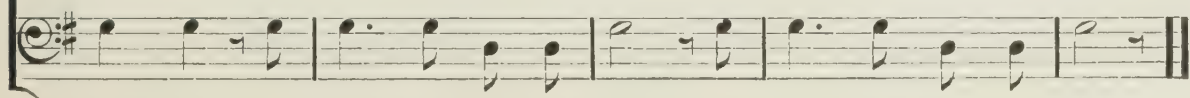
spir-it Can nev-er be be-guiled. She whis-pers: "O my



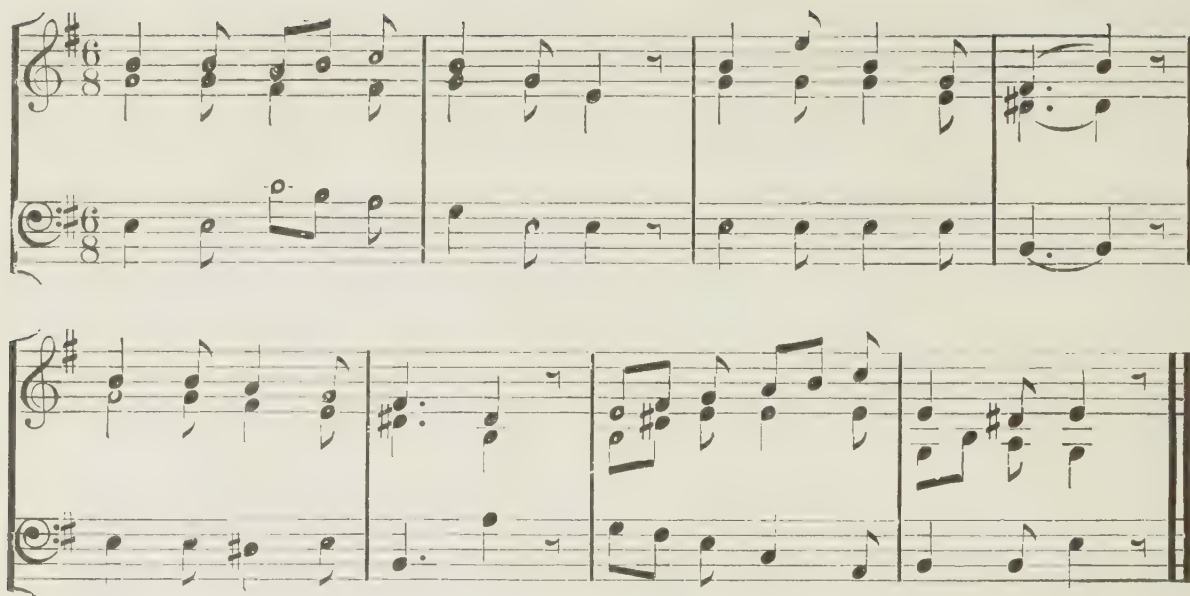
shad-ow, The sil-ver lin-ing lies, The sil-ver lin-ing lies."  
darkness To glo-ries yet un-seen, To glo-ries yet un-seen.



Fa-ther!" And hears Him say "My Child!" And hears Him say "My Child!"



## SOLFEGGIO



## WHEN NIGHT ON DUSKY PINION

A. J. FOXWELL

MORITZ HAUPTMANN

*Andante*

*mf*

Musical score for 'WHEN NIGHT ON DUSKY PINION' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has four measures, and the second system has four measures. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with accompaniment in the bass clef. The piece ends with a double bar line.

1. When night on dusk - y pin - ion, In - vad - ing day's do -  
 2. How gen - tle, pure, and ho - ly, The hush o'er spir - its  
 3. O Fa - ther, wise and gra - cious, The u - ni - verse so

*mf*

min - ion, Comes sweep - ing thro' the sky, A  
 low - ly, At star - ry mid - night hour, When  
 spa - cious May myr - iad proofs af - ford That

A calm and brood-ing qui - et      Suc -  
 When ra - diant orbs a - bove us,      Like  
 That those are safe - ly guid - ed,      With

calm and brood-ing qui - et      Suc - ceeds life's rush and  
 ra - diant orbs a - bove us,      Like eyes of those who  
 those are safe - ly guid - ed,      With ev - 'ry good pro -

ceeds life's rush and ri - ot, The wel - come time of rest is nigh.  
 eyes of those who love us, Sweet streams of peace up - on us show'r.  
 ev - 'ry good pro - vid - ed, Who trust in Thee, Al - might - y God.

ri - ot,      The wel - come time . . of rest is nigh.  
 love us,      Sweet streams of peace . . up - on us show'r.  
 vid - ed,      Who trust in Thee, . . Al - might - y God.

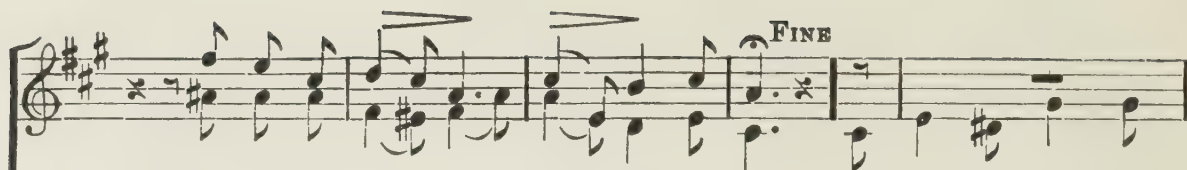
## WORK AND BE JOYFUL

F. T. PALGRAVE

CHARLES E. WHITING

*Allegretto*

Work and be joy - ful! Work's light, When hearts are gay.



Work for life's har - vest, While yet you may. 1. When earth is moist with  
 2. Fresh dews and sunshine  
 3. In Au-tumn days the  
 4. With song they guide the



Work for



Spring's first rain, In fur - row'd fields they strew the grain; So  
 bless the field, Their crops the crum - bling fur - rows yield; So  
 corn they reap, With sheaves the la - b'ring wain they heap. So  
 creak - ing wain; With song, with mirth they stow the grain. Be



while youth lasts we cast the seed 'Gainst la - ter days of need.  
 wis - dom grows thro' smiles, thro' tears, By pro - cess of the years.  
 life when ri - p'ning years are past, Its har - vest reaps at last.  
 ours with joy what - e'er be - tide, Life's har - vest home to bide.



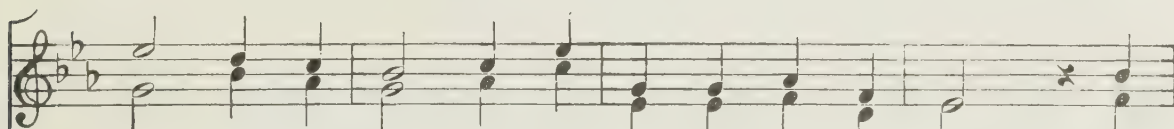
## THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

*Moderato*

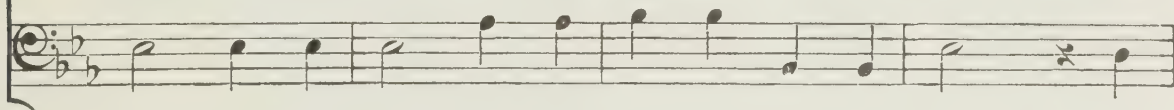
SCOTCH FOLK SONG



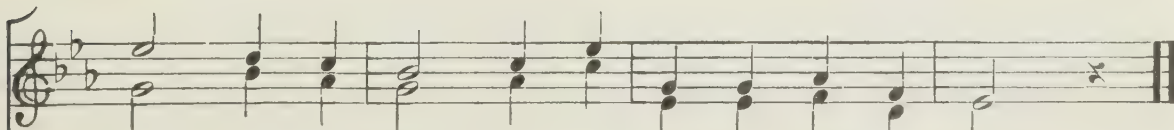
1. Oh where, and oh where is your High-land lad - die gone? Oh  
 2. Oh where, and oh where did your High-land lad - die dwell? Oh  
 3. Sup-pose, and sup-pose that your High-land lad should die? Sup -



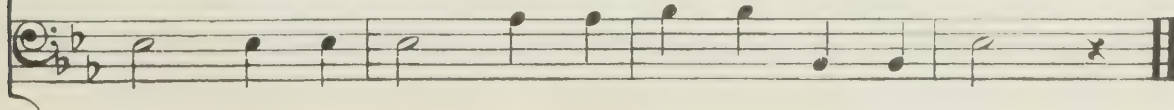
- where, and oh where is your High-land lad - die gone? He's  
 where, and oh where did your High-land lad - die dwell? He  
 - pose, and sup - pose, that your High-land lad should die! The



- gone to fight the foe for King George up - on his throne, And it's  
 dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the sign of the Blue Bell; And it's  
 bag-pipes would play o'er him, I'd sit me down and cry, And it's



- oh, in my heart that I wish him safe at home.  
 oh, in my heart that I love my lad - die well.  
 oh, in my heart that I wish he may not die.



## SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT

*Moderato*

SCOTCH FOLK SONG

1. Should old ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev - er brought to mind?  
 2. We two ha'e run a - bout the braes And pu'd the gow-ans fine;  
 3. And there's a hand, my trust - y friend; Wilt gi'es a hand o' thine?

Should old ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?  
 We've wan-dered mon-y a wea - ry bit In days of auld lang syne.  
 We'll take a richt gude wil - lie-waught For days of auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my friends, we meet, For days of auld lang syne;

We'll have a thought of kind - ness yet, For days of auld lang syne.

## JOY IS WARBLING

*A la polka*

FRANZ OTTO

1. Joy is warbling in the breezes, Pleasures smile a - long the fields, While  
 2. Humming bees and sail - ing swallows Gai - ly tell the love - ly glee That  
 3. Bloom - ing flow'rs, their sweets exhal - ing, Join to make the charming scene Ap -

na - ture clad in robes of beau - ty, All that's sweet and love - ly yields.  
 na - ture's now so kind - ly shedding O - ver all the eye can see.  
 pear still more like hap - py E - den, Ere the blight of hu - man sin.

Heav'n now sheds its mild - est splendor O'er the land and o'er the deep; See,  
 Wel - come! says the flock that's feed - ing On the ver - dant grass - y hills, And  
 Glad we hail thee, love - ly Spring - time, Welcome tru - ly is thy smile. Oh

all en - joy the com - mon pleasure, While in hap - py crowds they sweep.  
 Wel - come! ech - oes many a songster, Chirp - ing round the rip - pling rills,  
 would that all like thee were love - ly, Free from woe and free from guile!

Hail, hail this hap - py day! Hail, hail this hap - py day!

Hail this day! Hail this day! Hail this hap - py day!

yes, yes,

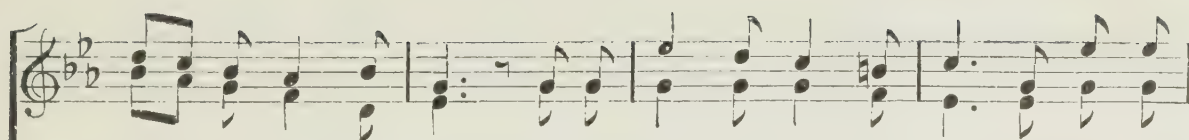
## NOW THE TWILIGHT HOUR APPROACHES

ENGLISH FOLK SONG

*Allegretto*

1. Now the twi-light hour ap-proach - es And the day is gen - tly  
2. Love-ly twi-light, hap - py mo - ment, Ev -'ry heart with joy in -

dy - ing. Breez - es now with mourn-ful sigh - ing, Wan - der  
vest - ing, Ev - 'ry thought of grief ar - rest - ing, Who dost



thro' the shad - ows dim, While the song-birds of the for-est, Homeward  
rest and peace in - vite, Hush'd is now the sound of la - bor, And from



now their flight are wing-ing, And a - bove us they are  
hearts and homes of glad-ness, Float the songs un - touch'd by

And a - bove us they are  
Float the songs un - touch'd by



sing - ing Sweet and low, their ves - per hymn. Soon these  
sad - ness Out up - on the qui - et night. Soon these

sing - ing, Sweet and low their ves - per hymn.  
sad - ness, Out up - on the qui - et night.



fad - ing rays will van - ish, Night her gloom - y shades pro - long.



We sing, . . . we sing, . . .

First system of musical notation for the song 'We sing, we sing, we sing our eve-ning song;'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

We sing, we sing, we sing our eve-ning song;

Second system of musical notation for the song 'We sing our eve-ning song, We sing our eve-ning song.'. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The treble staff features a final cadence with a whole note chord. The bass staff also concludes with a whole note chord.

We sing our eve-ning song, We sing our eve-ning song.

## REJOICE, REJOICE!

CHARLES E. WHITING

Re - joice, . . . re - joice! . . .

Re -


First system of musical notation for the song 'REJOICE, REJOICE!'. The key signature changes to three flats (B-flat, E-flat, and A-flat), and the time signature changes to 6/8. The melody is more lively and rhythmic. The bass staff continues with a similar accompaniment style.

1. Re-joyce, re-joyce! the sum-mer months are com - ing;  
2. Re-joyce, re-joyce! the bud-ding flow'rs are burst-ing;

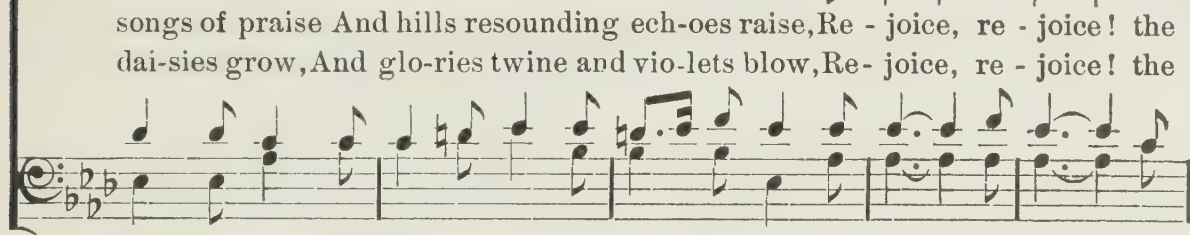
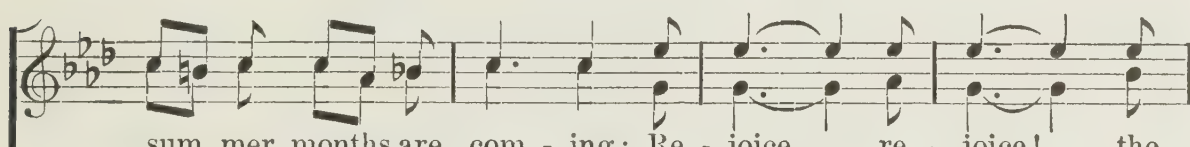
joyce, . . . re - joice! . . .

Second system of musical notation for the song 'REJOICE, REJOICE!'. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a final cadence with a whole note chord. The bass staff also concludes with a whole note chord.

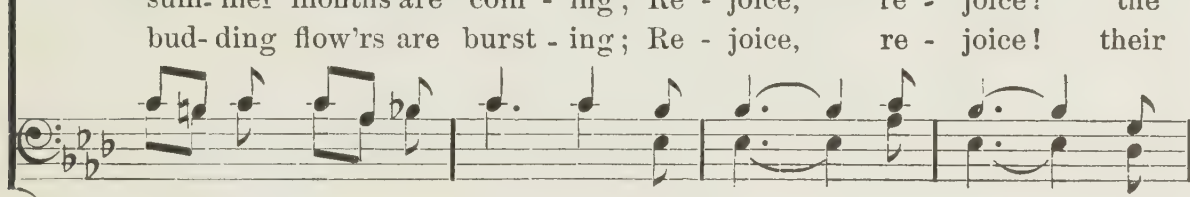
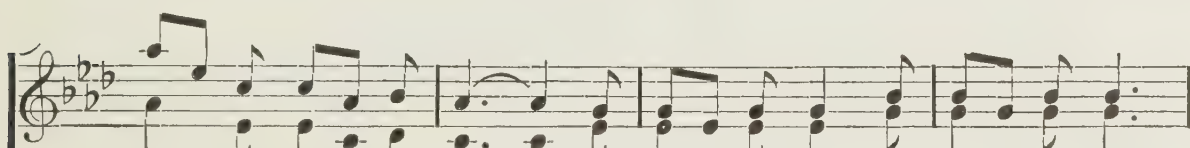
Re-joyce, re-joyce! the birds be-gin to sing. When joy bursts out in  
Re-joyce, re-joyce! their fragrance fills the air. When ros-es bloom and



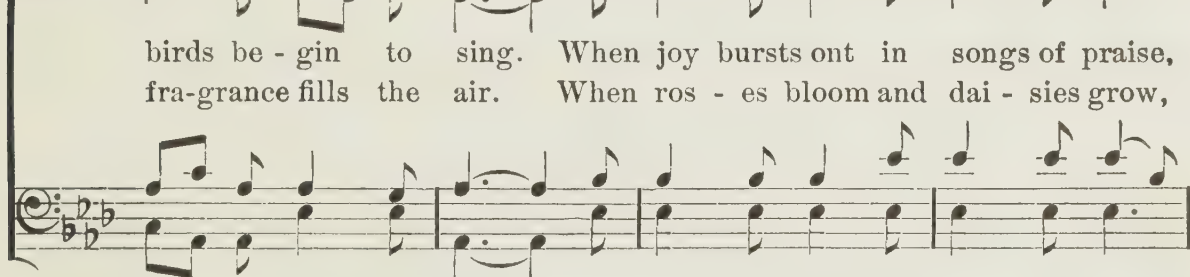
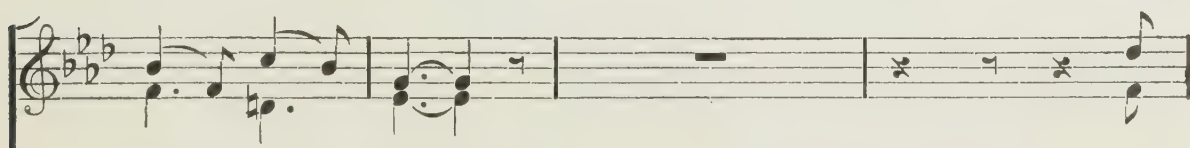
songs of praise And hills resounding ech-oes raise, Re - joice, re - joice! the  
dai-sies grow, And glo-ries twine and vio-lets blow, Re - joice, re - joice! the

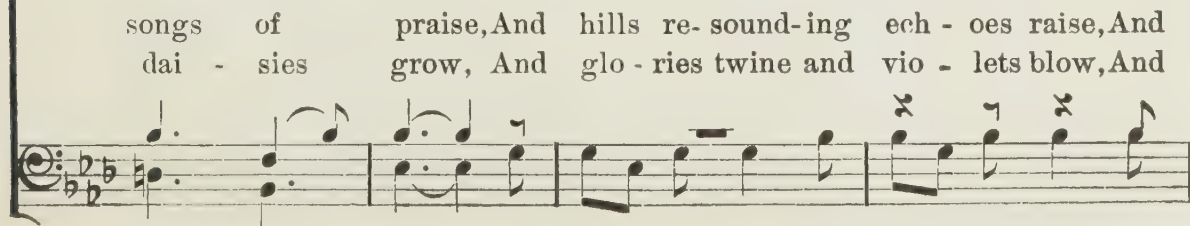
sum-mer months are com - ing; Re - joice, re - joice! the  
bud-ding flow'rs are burst - ing; Re - joice, re - joice! their

birds be - gin to sing. When joy bursts ont in songs of praise,  
fra-grance fills the air. When ros - es bloom and dai - sies grow,

songs of praise, And hills re-sound-ing ech - oes raise, And  
dai - sies grow, And glo - ries twine and vio - lets blow, And



re - joice, . .

hills re-sounding ech-oes raise, Rejoice, rejoice! the summer months are  
 glo - ries twine and violets blow, Rejoice, rejoice! the budding flow'rs are

Re-joice,

re - joice,

com - ing, Rejoice, re - joice! the birds be - gin to sing.  
 burst-ing, Rejoice, re - joice! their fragrance fills the air.

## O COME, COME AWAY

GERMAN FOLK SONG

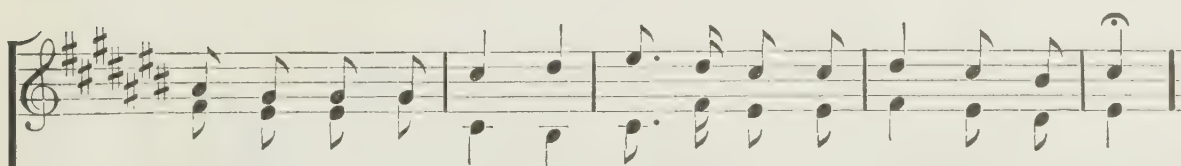
*Spirited*

1. O come, come a - way, From la - bor now re - pos - ing, Let  
 2. From toil and from care, O'er which the day is clos - ing, The  
 3. The bright day is gone, The moon and stars ap - pear - ing, With

bus - y care a - while for - bear, O come, come a - way. O  
 hour of eve brings sweet re - prieve, O come, come a - way. O  
 sil - v'ry light il - lume the night, O come, come a - way. We'll



come our so - cial joys re - new, And there where love and  
come where love will smile on thee, And round the hearth with  
join the grate - ful songs of praise To him who crowns our



friendship grew, Let true hearts wel - come you, O come, come a - way.  
glad - ness be, And time fly mer - ri - ly, O come, come a - way.  
peace - ful days With health, hope, hap - pi - ness, O come, come a - way.



## 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

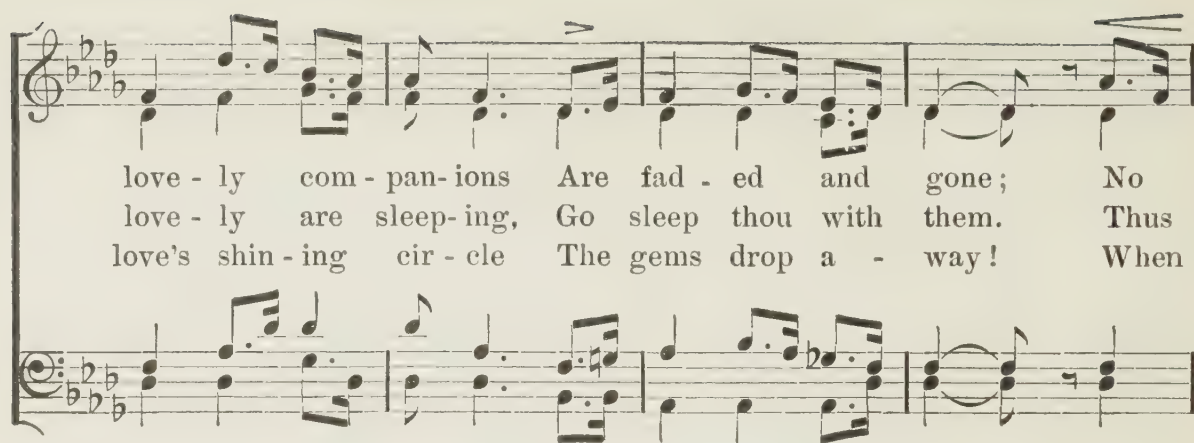
IRISH FOLK SONG

*Andante dolce*

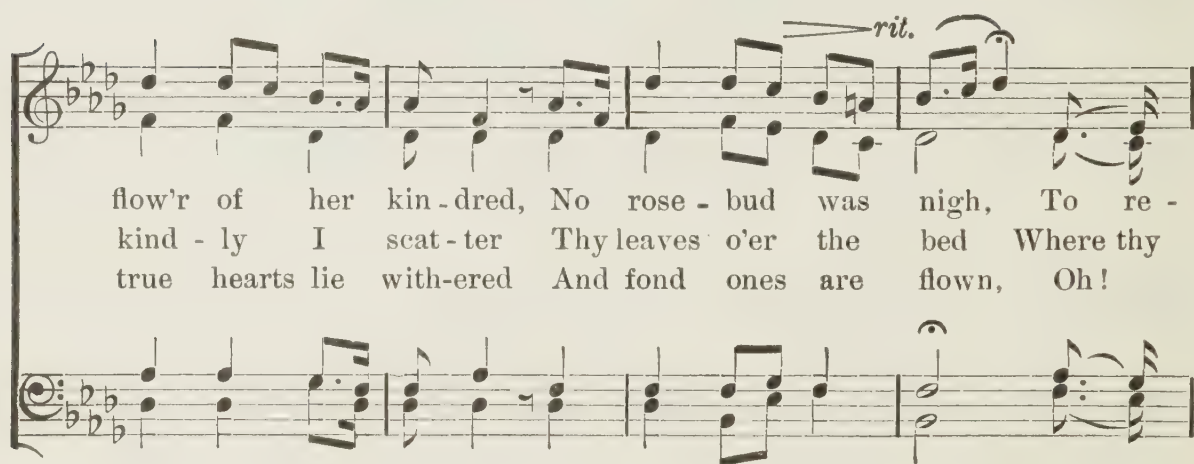


1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friendships de - cay, And from

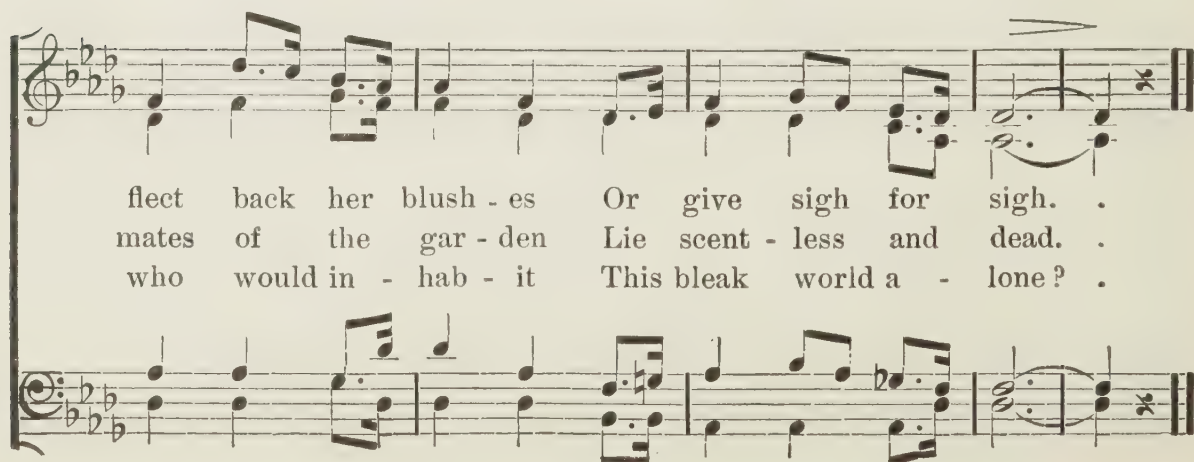




love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone; No  
 love - ly are sleep - ing, Go sleep thou with them. Thus  
 love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a - way! When



flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud was nigh, To re -  
 kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy  
 true hearts lie with - ered And fond ones are flown, Oh!



flect back her blush - es Or give sigh for sigh. .  
 mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead. .  
 who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone? .

## GENTLE SPRING IS HERE AGAIN

CHARLES AUSELD

*Moderato*

1. Gen - tle spring is here a - gain, Bring - ing mirth and glad - ness ;  
 2. Years a - go her gen - tle voice Filled my heart with pleas - ure,  
 3. All a - lone she calm - ly sleeps, Un - der - neath the wil - low,

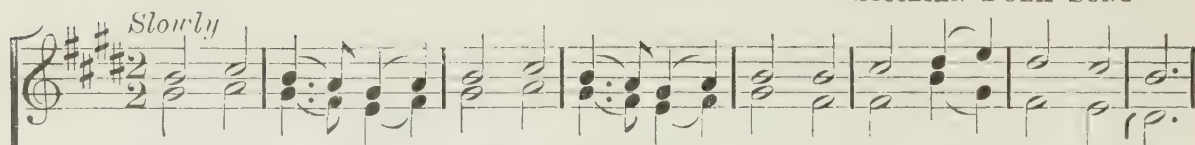
And the sing - ing birds have come, Chas - ing gloom and sad - ness ;  
 And life's lot was full of joy, With this sin - gle treas - ure ;  
 And the hare - bells mute - ly weep, Tears up - on her pil - low ;

But my heart is sad and lone, Tho' the win - try days have flown,  
 But no joy earth now can give, Tempt - ing with the wish to live,  
 But her face still bright - ly beams, Com - ing to me in my dreams,

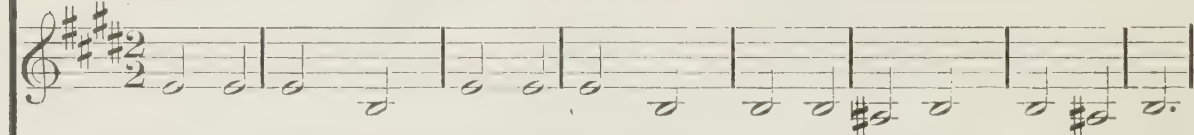
For I miss the love - ly tone, Which could bring it glad - ness.  
 And I lin - ger but to grieve For the dear lost treas - ure.  
 Like an an - gel's still it seems, Bend - ing o'er my pil - low.

## HOURS OF EVENING

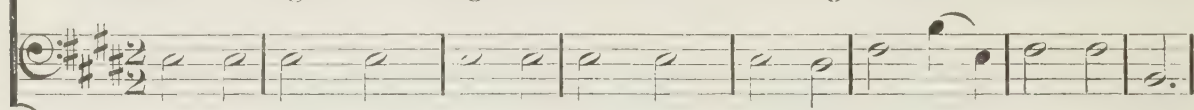
SICILIAN FOLK SONG



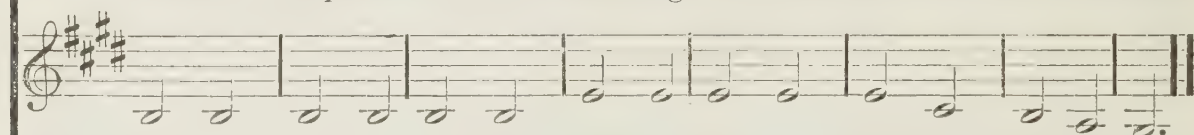
1. Hours of eve - ning calm and love - ly, Twi-light songs so soft and clear,  
 2. Hymns as-cend - ing, voi - ces blend-ing, There join an-gels' songs of praise ;



3. Stars of night so bright a - bove me, Shin-ing as from realms of bliss,



- All to sol-emn rap-ture move me, Earth re - cedes and heav'n is near.  
 Here in rapt de - vo - tion bend-ing, Tho'ts se - rene to heav'n we raise.

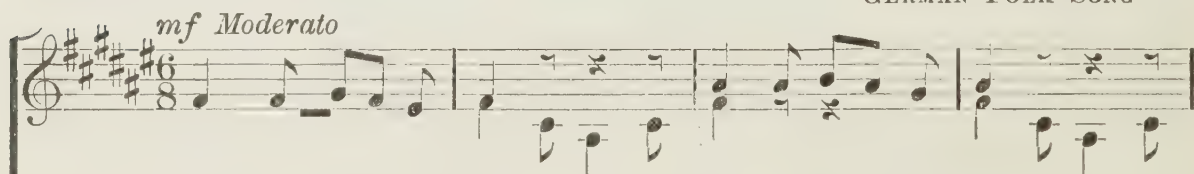


- Light my way to those who love me, Now in fair - er worlds than this.

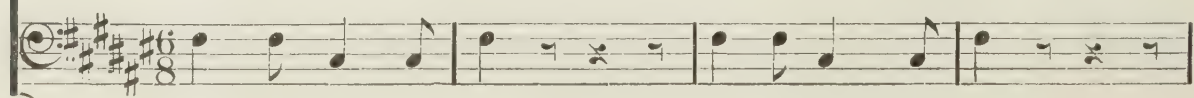



## COLD THE BLAST MAY BLOW

GERMAN FOLK SONG



1. Cold the blast may blow, Heap-ing high the snow,  
 1. Cold the blast may blow, Heap-ing high the  
 2. Bo - soms firm and bold, Fear not storm or cold,  
 2. Bo-soms firm and bold, Fear not storm or






Winds may loudly roar, . . . may loud-ly roar;  
 snow, Winds may loudly roar,  
 Fear not ice or snow; . . . not ice or snow;  
 cold, Fear not ice or snow,

roar, may loud - ly  
 snow, not ice or



Trees all brown and bare, Sad may wave in air,  
 Fierce - ly through the gale, Drift the snow and hail;



Deck'd with leaves no more, Deck'd with leaves no more.  
 Hearts may warm-ly glow, Hearts may warm-ly glow.

3 When in school we meet,  
 Looks of welcome greet  
 Each from smiling eyes;  
 When our teachers dear  
 Give us words of cheer,  
 What are wintry skies?

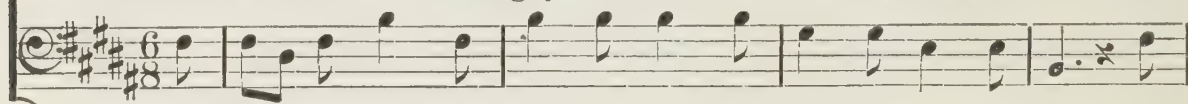
4 Come, then, rain or hail!  
 Come, then, storm or gale!  
 Glad to school we'll go.  
 Bosoms firm and bold  
 Shrink not from the cold,  
 Fear not ice or snow.

## ON FOOT I GAILY TAKE MY WAY

FRANZ ABT

*Allegretto*

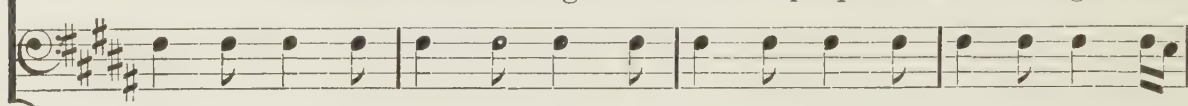
1. On foot I gai - ly take my way, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah! O'er
2. No snail-paced friend I want, not I, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah! At
3. Foot - trav - el to the gay is sweet, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah! But



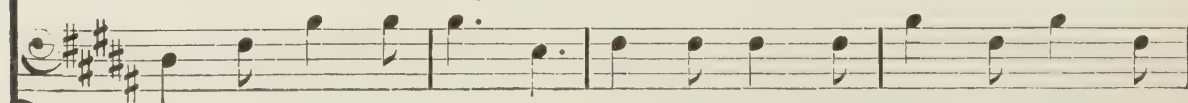
mountains bare and mead - ows gay, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah! And  
 ev - 'ry step to pause and sigh, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah! No  
 heav - y hearts make heav - y feet, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah! The



he who is not of my mind, An - oth - er trav - ling mate may find, He  
 gloom - y mate to scowl and groan, And o - ver oth - ers' sins to moan, I'd  
 man who loves the sunshine bright, And nev - er peeps be - hind for night, That



can - not go with me, He can - not go with me, Hur - rah, hur -  
 rath - er trudge a - lone, I'd rath - er trudge a - lone, Hur - rah, hur -  
 is the man for me, That is the man for me, Hur - rah, hur -



rah! Tra la la la la, Hurrah, hur-rah! Tra la la la la, hurrah! Hur-

rah, hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah! Tra la la la!

## COME WITH THY LUTE

GERMAN FOLK SONG

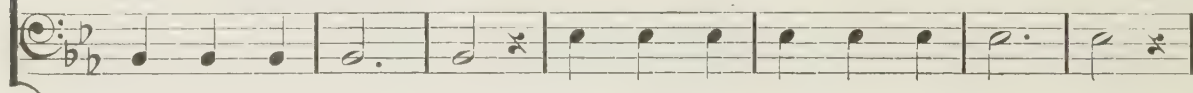
*Moderato*

1. Come with thy lute to the foun - tain, Sing me a song of the  
2. Come where the zeph - yrs are stray - ing, There 'mid the flow - er buds

moun - tain, Sing of the hap - py and free. . There while the  
play - ing, Ram - bles the blithe sum - mer bee. . Let the lone



day is de - clin - ing, While its last ros - es are shin - ing,  
churl in his sor - row, He who de - spairs of the mor - row,



Sweet shall our mel - o - dies be, . . . . . Un - der the  
Far to his sol - i - tude flee, . . . . . Un - der the



Sweet shall our mel - o - dies be,  
Far to his sol - i - tude flee,



broad  
dark

Un - der the broad  
Un - der the dark



Un - der the lin - den tree,  
Un - der the cy - press tree,

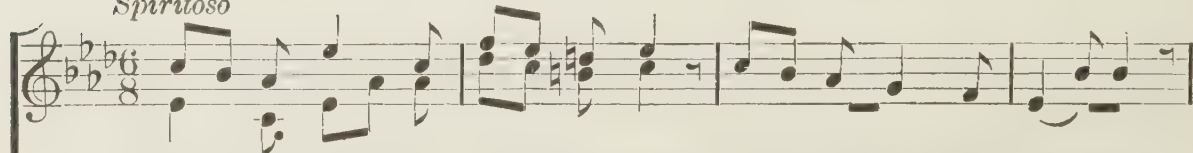
Un - der the lin - den tree.  
Un - der the cy - press tree.



## O'ER THE ICE

CHARLES E. WHITING

*Spiritoso*



1. O'er the ice in moonlight sheen, Fast the skates are ring-ing,
2. Eyes shine bright thro' win-ter's night, Ring-lets free are fling-ing,
3. Cir - cling in the de - vious maze, Fast and fair are skimming,





Swift as swal-lows speed-ing south, Thro' the still air speed ing.  
 Slen-der forms are flect-ing by, Mer-ry voi-ces ring-ing.  
 In the grace-ful grape-vine twist, Thro' the fig-ure swimming.



Gleam the trees so snow-y white, I-ci-cles a-dorn-ing,  
 Stars in heav'n shine cold and clear, Mu-sic high is swell-ing,  
 Rings the laugh at each mis-hap, Thro' the gay crowd pass-ing,




Like a young bride in her robes, On the wed-ding morn-ing.  
 Speeds the blood thro' ting-ling veins, Ev-'ry pulse quick thrill-ing.  
 Plumes on jaun-ty skat-ing cap In the night-wind toss-ing.



O-ver the ice in moon-lit sheen Skates so clear-ly ring-ing,



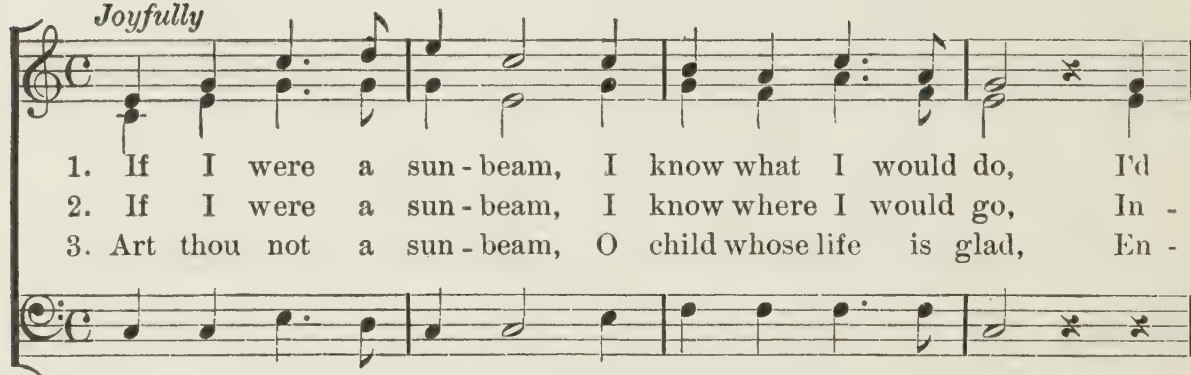


Speed we on with mer - ry hearts, Mer - ry voi - ces sing - ing.

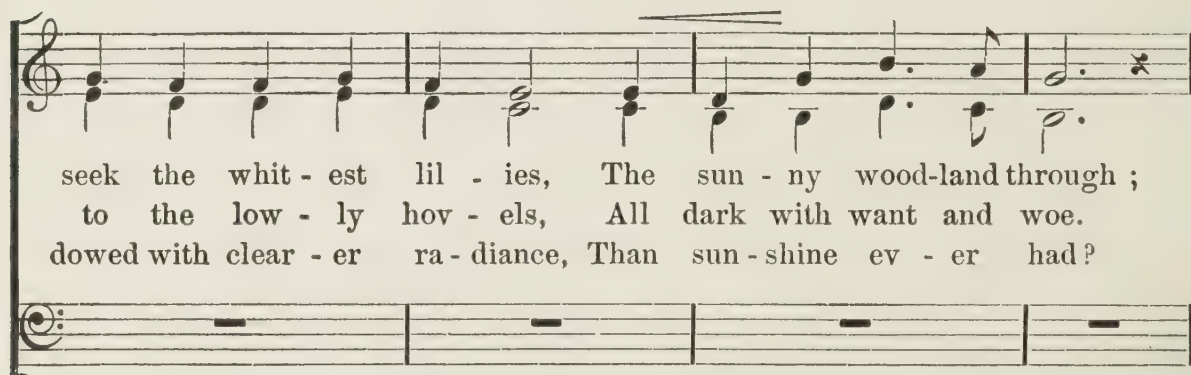
## IF I WERE A SUNBEAM

GERMAN FOLK SONG

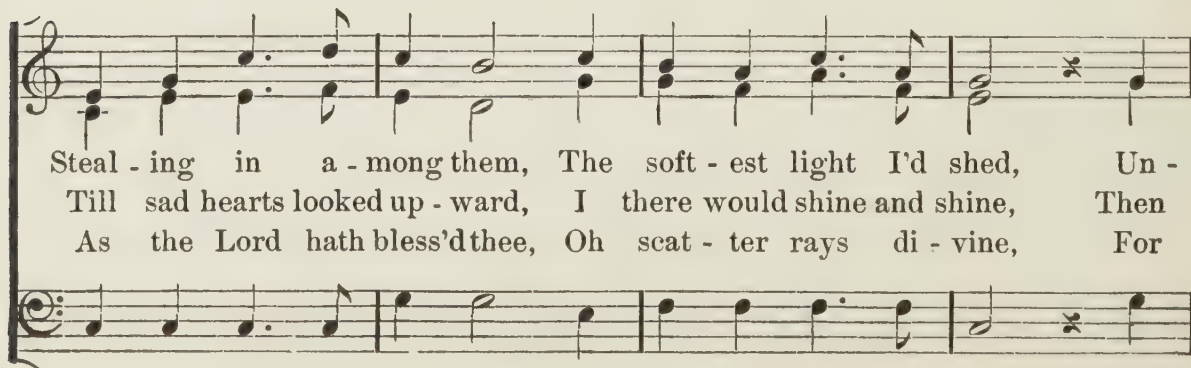
*Joyfully*



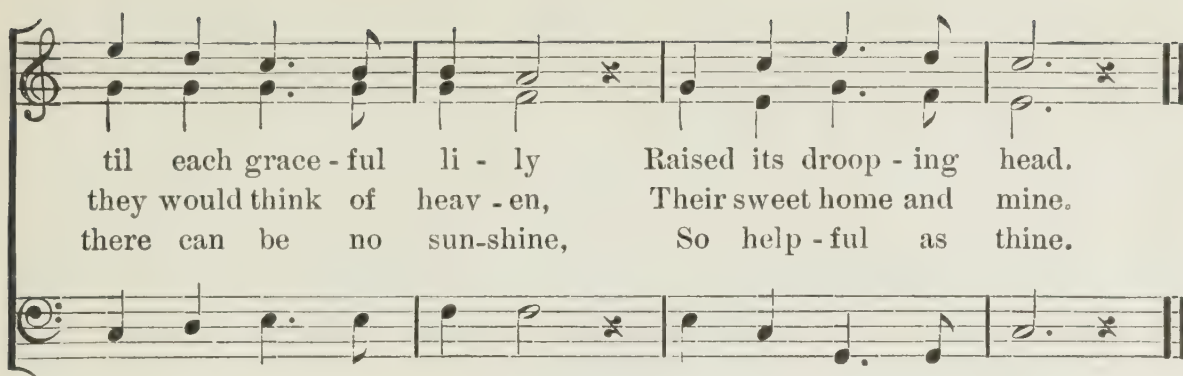
1. If I were a sun - beam, I know what I would do, I'd  
 2. If I were a sun - beam, I know where I would go, In -  
 3. Art thou not a sun - beam, O child whose life is glad, En -



seek the whit - est lil - ies, The sun - ny wood-land through ;  
 to the low - ly hov - els, All dark with want and woe.  
 dowed with clear - er ra - diance, Than sun - shine ev - er had?



Steal - ing in a - mong them, The soft - est light I'd shed, Un -  
 Till sad hearts looked up - ward, I there would shine and shine, Then  
 As the Lord hath bless'd thee, Oh scat - ter rays di - vine, For



til each grace - ful li - ly Raised its droop - ing head.  
 they would think of heav - en, Their sweet home and mine.  
 there can be no sun-shine, So help - ful as thine.

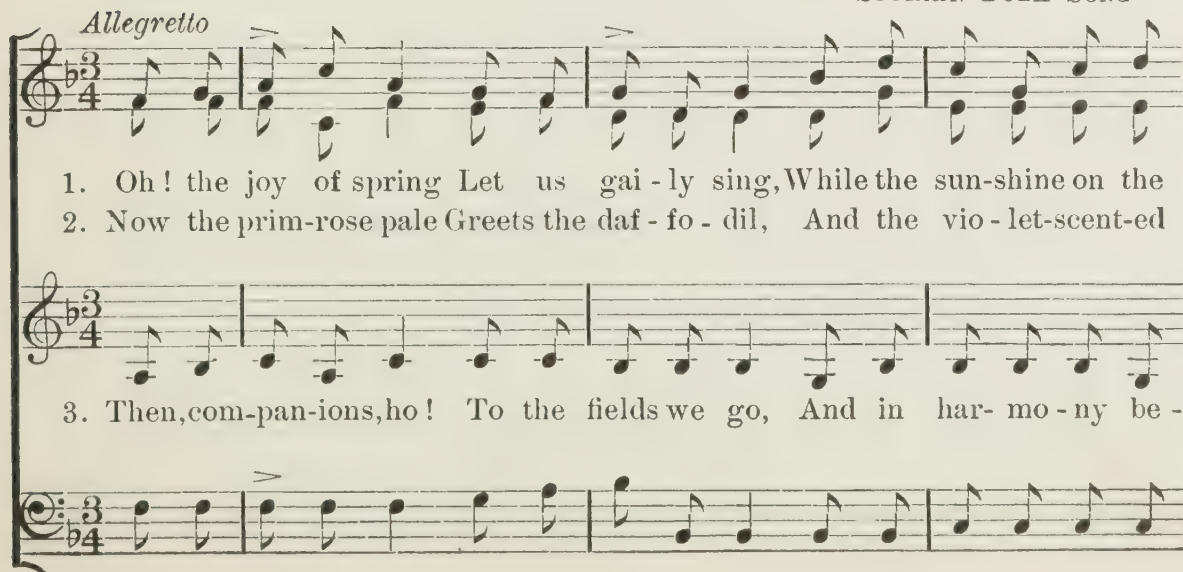
## SOLFEGGIO



## OH THE JOY OF SPRING

STYRIAN FOLK SONG

*Allegretto*



1. Oh! the joy of spring Let us gai - ly sing, While the sun-shine on the  
 2. Now the prim-rose pale Greets the daf - fo - dil, And the vio - let-scent-ed  
 3. Then, com-pa-nions, ho! To the fields we go, And in har - mo - ny be -

mead is bright; While the lambkins play, And the earth is gay And all  
air is sweet; Birds in ev - 'ry tree Make a mel - o - dy, Sing-ing

guile the hours. Now in soft - est trill, Now in mu - sic shrill, Shall our

nature keeps a hol - i - day. La la la la la la la la la la la la  
welcome to the sun-ny May. La la la la la la la la la la la la

song the joy - ful wel-kin ring. La la la la la la la la la la la la

*dim.* la la la la la la la. *f* While the lamb-kins play, And the  
la la la la la la la. Birds in ev - 'ry tree Make a

la la la la la la la. Now in soft - est trill, Now in

*rit.* *molto rit. e dim.*

earth is gay And all na - ture keeps a hol - i - day.  
mel - o - dy, Sing - ing wel - come to the sun - ny May.

*rit.* *molto rit. e dim.*

mu - sic shrill, Shall our song the joy - ful wel - kin ring.

*rit.* *molto rit. e dim.*

earth is gay And all na - ture keeps a hol - i - day.

*rit.* *molto rit. e dim.*

mel - o - dy, Sing - ing wel - come to the sun - ny May.

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mel - o - dy, Sing - ing wel - come to the sun - ny May.

*rit.* *molto rit. e dim.*

mu - sic shrill, Shall our song the joy - ful wel - kin ring.

*rit.* *molto rit. e dim.*

## IN THE FOREST GREEN

A. J. FOXWELL

TYROLEAN FOLK SONG

1. In the for - est green, where the sil - v'ry sheen Of the  
2. Though so weak and small, not a fear will fall On its  
3. Sink - ing free from dread in a moss - y bed, As the  
4. Then the bird to me shall a teach - er be, Sham - ing

quiv - ring leaves de - light the eye, As the gen - tle breeze sways the  
mel - o - dy with trem - bling jar, No dis - trust - ful part in the  
eve - ning falls in gold - en light, Hap - py ev - 'ry - where in a  
doubt and dull - ness from my life, While I learn to praise in the

wav - ing trees, Ev - 'ry trust - ful bird will home - ward fly.  
lit - tle heart, No un - thought - ful - ness its praise to mar.  
Fa - ther's care, It can calm - ly meet the dark - 'ning night.  
dark - est days, With a heart se - cure a - mid the strife.

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

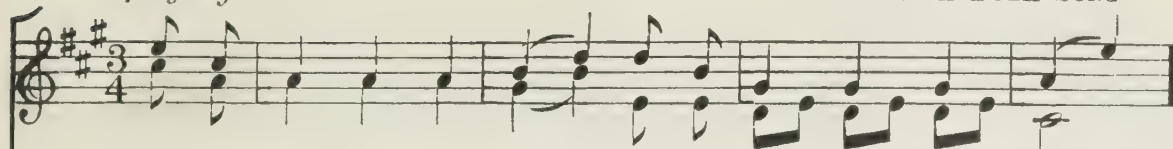
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

## SOLFEGGIO

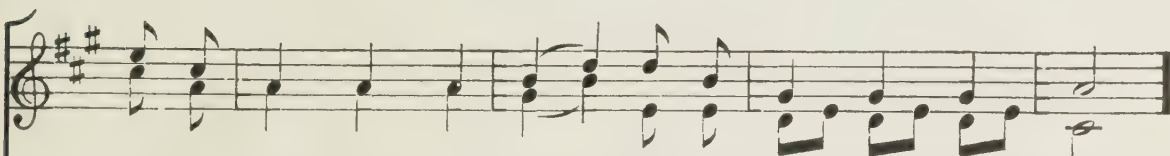
## TRIP IT LIGHTLY

*Sprightly*

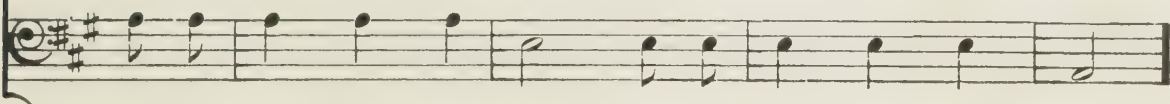
ENGLISH FOLK SONG



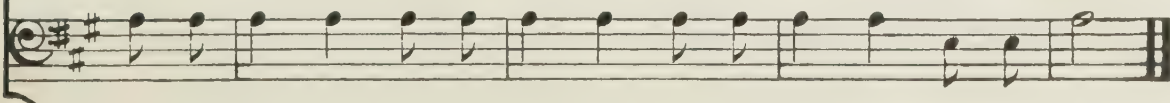
1. Trip it light - ly a - long, Sing - ing gai - ly a song,
2. Hap - py, hap - py are we! Full of bright - ness and glee,
3. Not a sor - row or care, Not a troub - le we wear,



Keeping meas - ure, you know, As to - geth - er we go.  
 As the birds are that sing On the bright days of Spring,  
 And we fear not a foe, But en - joy as we go,



Trip it light - ly, sing - ing gai - ly, Keeping meas - ure as we go.  
 Hap - py, hap - py, full of brightness, As the birds are in the spring.  
 Not a sor - row or a troub - le, And we fear not a - ny foe.



## BABY CLOSE THINE EYES

W. F. SUDDS

Arranged by C. E. W.

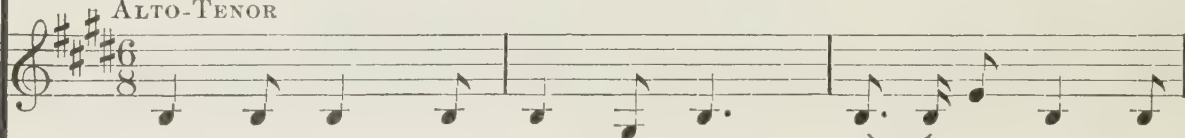
*Moderato p*

SOPRANO AND ALTO



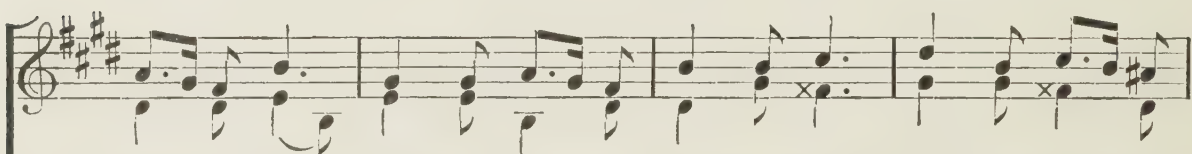
1. Ba - by, close thine eyes and sleep, While I my song and  
 2. Ba - by, close thine eyes and sleep, While the hours the  
 3. Ba - by, close thine eyes and sleep, Dream of an - gel

ALTO-TENOR



1. Ba - by, close thine eyes and sleep, While I my song and  
 2. Ba - by, close thine eyes and sleep, While the hours the  
 3. Ba - by, close thine eyes and sleep, Dream of an - gel

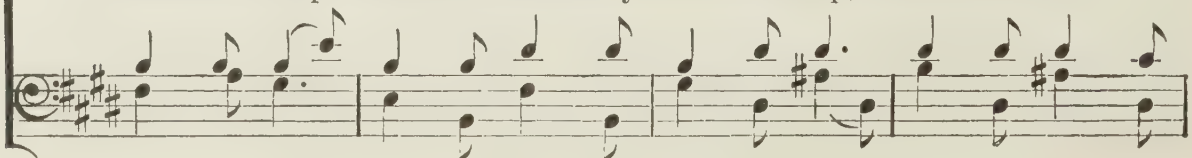
TENOR AND BASS



watches keep O'er your wak - ing eyes that weep, Qui-v'ring sighs and  
 num-bers keep Si - lent watch o'er those who weep, In the shad-ows  
 forms that keep Watch a - round thy bed nor weep, But slumber on in



watch-es keep O'er your wak - ing eyes that weep, Quiv'-ring sighs and  
 num-bers keep Si - lent watch o'er those who weep, In the shad-ows  
 forms that keep Watch a - round thy bed nor weep, But slumber on in



sobs so deep. While I my song and watch - es keep,  
of the deep.  
still - ness deep.

Ba - by, close thine eyes . . . . in sleep. . . . . *dim.* *pp*  
Ba - - by, close thine eyes in sleep, thine eyes in sleep.

Ba - - by, close thine eyes, close thine eyes in sleep.  
in sleep,

## SOLFEGGIO

## HOPE TAKES THE SOUL

FRANZ ABT

*Moderato**mf*

1. Hope takes the soul to mead - ows fair, In  
2. As chil - dren fair they gen - tly play A -

to mead - ows fair,  
they gen - tly play,

green - est ver - dure dressed, . . . Dis - pell - ing all the grief and  
round thine ach - ing brow, . . . And all thy sor - rows waft a -

in ver dure dressed,  
thine ach - ing brow;

care . . . . . That once the heart op - pressed.  
way; . . . . . They're gone, thou know'st not how.

the grief and care, That  
Waft a - way, They're

the heart op -  
thou know'st not

( 1 & 2 ) Why in this town's con - tract - ed space Our life in

press'd.  
how.

Why in this town's con - tract - ed

sor - row waste? Oh come, 'Neath wav - ing trees, oh

space Our life in sor - row waste? Come, come,

choose thy place And sooth - ing breez - es taste, 'Neath

and sooth - ing breez - es

wav - ing trees, oh choose thy place And sooth - ing breez-es taste!

taste, Come, choose

### SOLFEGGIO

## WHEN THE JOYS OF SUMMER

GERMAN FOLK SONG

*Allegretto*

1. When the joys of the sum - mer are things of the past, Like the  
 2. Then the earth of its plen - ty a - bun - dant - ly yields, There is  
 3. Now with scar - let and pur - ple the woods are a - flame, And the

beau - ties of Spring-time, too fra - gile to last, The glo - ries of  
 joy in the vil - lage and mirth in the fields, The reap - ers work  
 wild fruits the boun - ty of na - ture pro - claim, Wher - ev - er we

Au - tumn to charm us ap - pear, For Au - tumn, glow - ing  
 gai - ly the val - leys to clear, For Au - tumn, glow - ing  
 wan - der some pleas - ure is near, For Au - tumn, glow - ing

*p* Au - tumn, is the crown of the year, *rit.* crown of the year.  
 is the

## SOLFEGGIO



## WHILE I AM WANDERING

SOPRANO

SWABIAN FOLK SONG



1. While I am wan - der - ing In the sweet Spring, Pleas - ant - ly  
 2. Some - how I al - ways find, Roam as I will, All the paths

ALTO AND ALTO-TENOR



1. While I am wan - der - ing In the sweet Spring, Pleas - ant - ly  
 2. Some - how I al - ways find, Roam as I will, All the paths

BASS



- saun - ter - ing, Gai - ly I sing; Some - how my va - ried strain  
 turn and wind Round to this hill, Whence my de - light - ed eye

*p sempre cres. e legato.*

- saun - ter - ing, Gai - ly I sing; Some - how my va - ried strain  
 turn and wind Round to this hill, Whence my de - light - ed eye

*p sempre cres. e legato.**p sempre cres. e legato.*

[illegible]

*cres.* *a tempo, più animato e cres. p*

love, la, . . . . . la, la, la, la.

*cres.* *a tempo, più animato e cres. p*

. . . . . la, . . . . . la, la, la, la.

*cres.* *a tempo, più animato e cres.*

la, la, . . . . . la, la, la, la.

## YE BIRDS HOW HAPPY

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

*Lento* *sf*

1. Ye birds how hap - py must ye be, While pour - ing forth thus  
 2. I steal me from this bus - y throng, To walk your cheer - ful

3. Ye seek the for - est's sha - dy nook, The mea - dow's green and

mer - ri - ly Your morn-ing hymns of glad - ness, Your morn-ing hymns of  
haunts a-mong, My heart will e'er be yearn - ing, My heart will e'er be

rip-pling brook, Ye fly from hu-man dwell - ing, Ye fly from hu - man

glad-ness. I lis - ten to your notes of glee, Then pines my heart in  
yearn-ing. Ye welcome with your con-stant song Day's dawn and night re-  
dwell-ing, Nor heed ye man's im - plor-ing look, His tale of sor-row

heart in sad - ness,  
night re turn - ing,  
sor - row tell - ing,

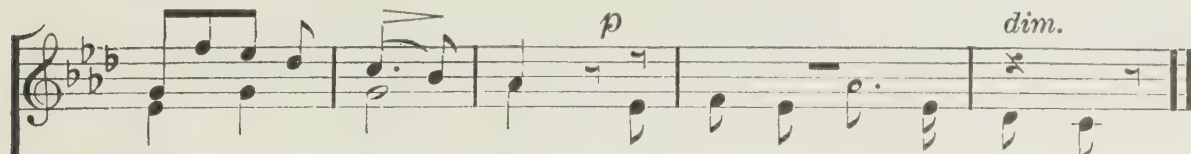
Then pines my  
Day's dawn and  
His tale of

sad - ness, Then pines my heart in sad-ness, Then pines my heart, pines my  
turn - ing, Day's dawn and night re- turn-ing, Day's dawn and night, day and

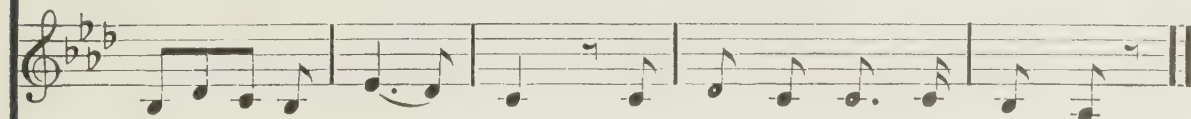
tell - ing, His tale of sor - row tell - ing,

His tale of

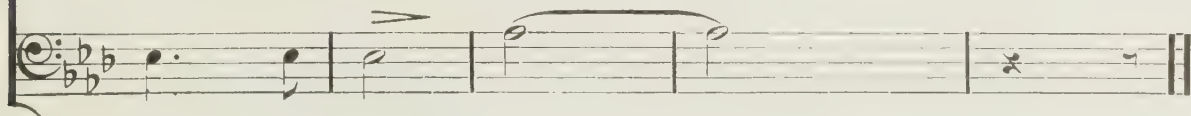
heart . . in sad - ness,  
 night . . re - turn - ing,  
 sor - row tell - ing,



heart in sad - ness, Then pines my heart in sad - ness.  
 night re - turn - ing, Day's dawn and night re - turn - ing.  
 sor - row tell - ing, His tale of sor - row tell - ing.



heart in sad - ness, . . . .  
 night re - turn - ing. . . .  
 sor - row tell - ing. . . .



## SOLFEGGIO



## THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

JAMES MONTGOMERY

PORTUGUESE MELODY

1. The Lord is my shep - herd, no want shall I know;  
 2 Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death though I stray,  
 3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread;  
 4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God!

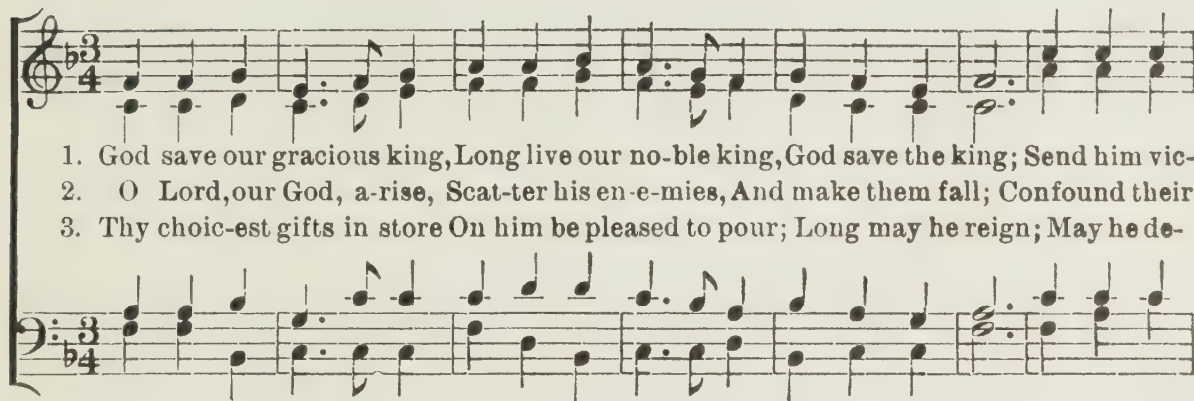
I feed in green pas - tures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my  
 Since Thou art my guar - dian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de -  
 With bless - ings un - meas - ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and  
 Still fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove; I seek — by the

soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wan - d'ring, re -  
 fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my  
 oil Thou a - noint - est my head; O! what shall I ask of Thy  
 path which my fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their sojourn—

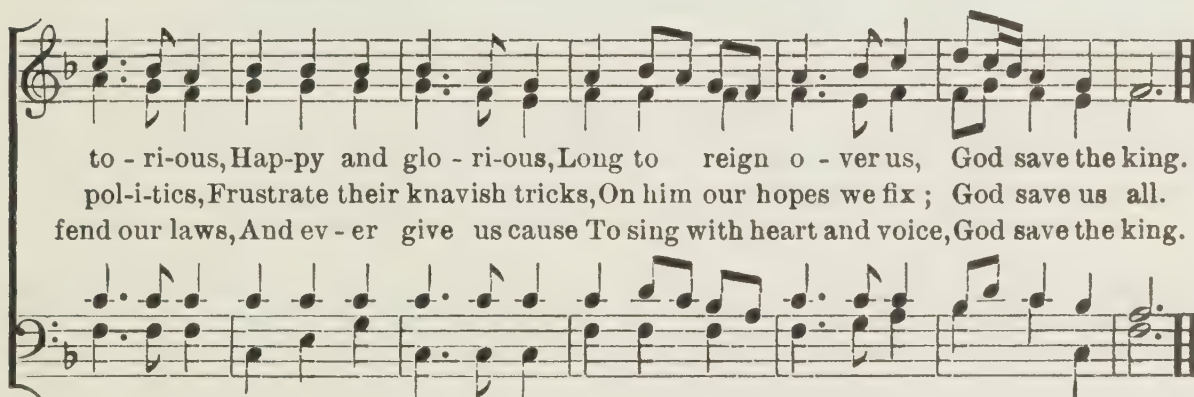
deems when op - pressed. Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.  
 Com - fort - er near. No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.  
 prov - i - dence more? O! what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?  
 Thy kingdom of love. Thro' the land of their sojourn—Thy kingdom of love.

# ASSEMBLY SELECTIONS

## GOD SAVE THE KING



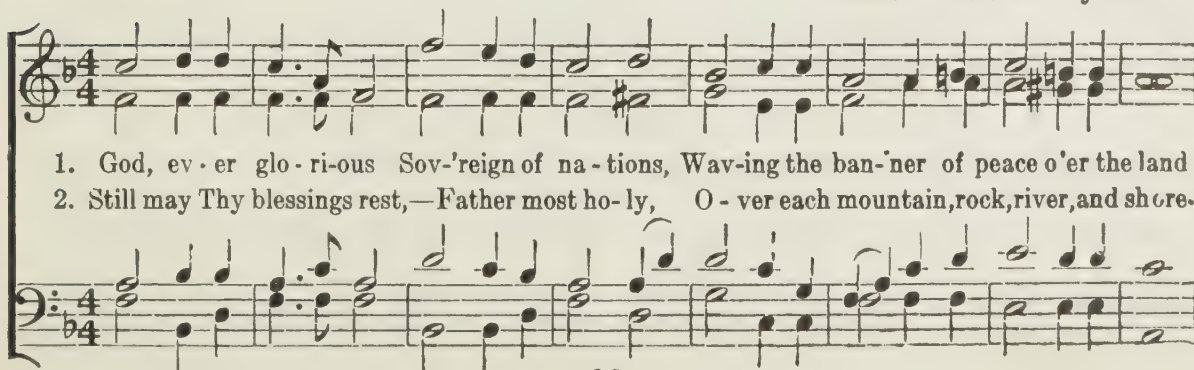
1. God save our gracious king, Long live our no-ble king, God save the king; Send him vic-  
2. O Lord, our God, a-rise, Scat-ter his en-e-mies, And make them fall; Confound their  
3. Thy choic-est gifts in store On him be pleased to pour; Long may he reign; May he de-



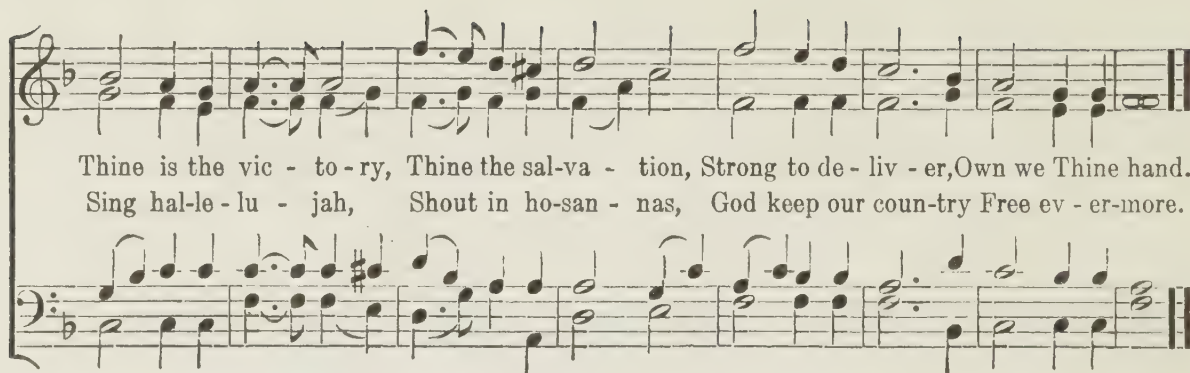
to - ri-ous, Hap-py and glo - ri-ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the king.  
pol-i-tics, Frustrate their knavish tricks, On him our hopes we fix; God save us all.  
fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the king.

## GOD EVER GLORIOUS

Russian National Hymn

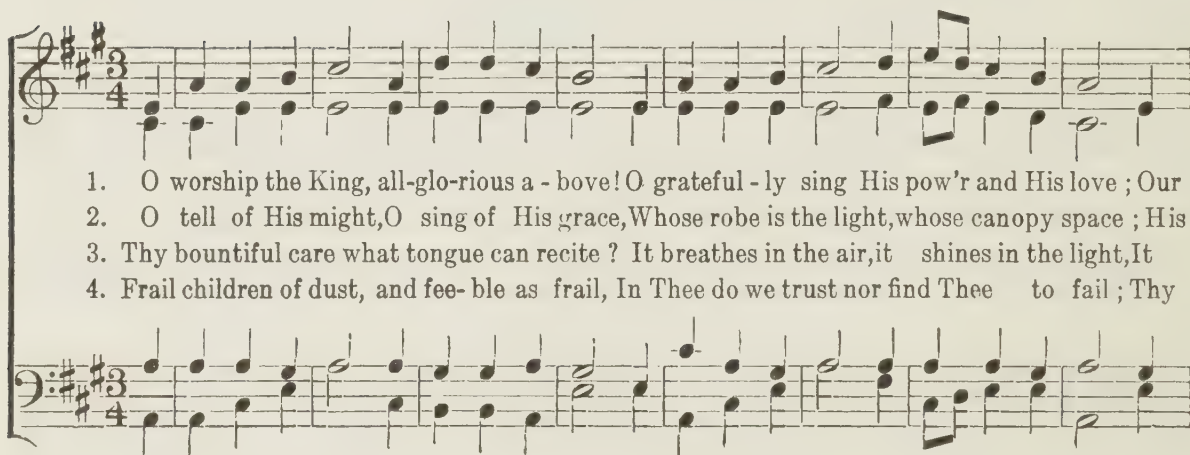


1. God, ev - er glo - ri-ous Sov'-reign of na - tions, Wav-ing the ban-ner of peace o'er the land  
2. Still may Thy blessings rest,—Father most ho-ly, O - ver each mountain, rock, river, and shore.

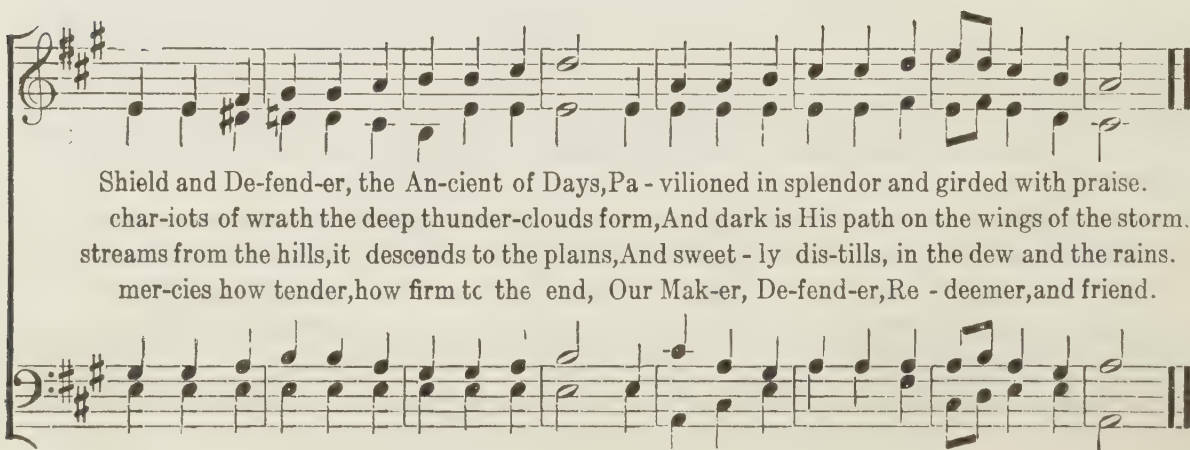


Thine is the vic - to - ry, Thine the sal - va - tion, Strong to de - liv - er, Own we Thine hand.  
Sing hal - le - lu - jah, Shout in ho - san - nas, God keep our coun - try Free ev - er - more.

## O WORSHIP THE KING



1. O worship the King, all-glo-rious a - bove! O grateful - ly sing His pow'r and His love ; Our
2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ; His
3. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light, It
4. Frail children of dust, and fee- ble as frail, In Thee do we trust nor find Thee to fail ; Thy



Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of Days, Pa - vilioned in splendor and girded with praise.  
char-iots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.  
streams from the hills, it descends to the plains, And sweet - ly dis-tills, in the dew and the rains.  
mer-cies how tender, how firm to the end, Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, Re - deemer, and friend.

## A CANADIAN BOAT SONG

THOMAS MOORE

*Andante*

1. Faint-ly as tolls the eve-ning chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,  
 2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue waves to curl,  
 3. Ot - ta - wa tide! This trembling moon Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon,

Our voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time, Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
 There is not a breath the blue waves to curl, But when the wind blows off the shore,  
 Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon. Saint of this green isle, hear our pray'r,

We'll sing at St. Ann's our part-ing hymn. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The  
 Oh, sweet-ly we'll rest our wea - ry oar. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The  
 Oh, grant us cool heav'ns and fav'ring air. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The

ra-pids are near and the daylight's past, The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

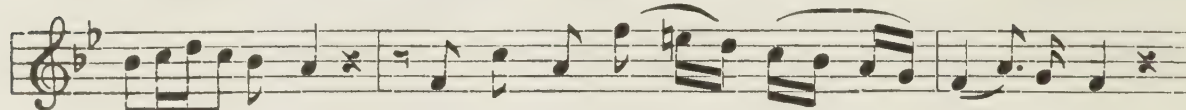
## RULE, BRITANNIA

J. THOMSON

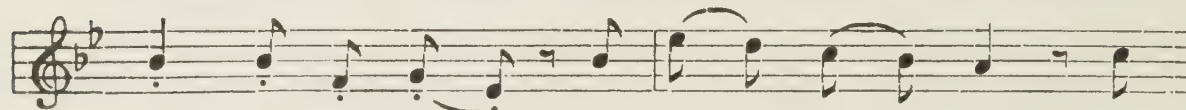
Dr. ARNE



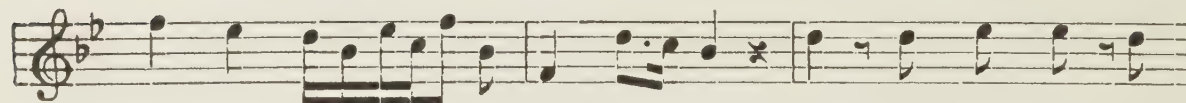
- 1 When Britain first . . at Heav'n's command, A-rose . . . from out the
2. The nations not . . so bless'd as thee Must in . . . their turns to
3. Still more ma-jes - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - - ful from each
4. Thee, haughty ty - rants ne'er shall tame; All their . . . attempts to



az - ure main, A - rose, a - rose from out the az - ure main,  
 ty - rants fall, Must in their turns, their turns to ty - rants fall;  
 for - eign stroke, More dreadful, dread-ful from each for - eign stroke;  
 hurl thee down, All their at-tempts, at - tempts to hurl thee down,



This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land. And  
 While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flou - rish, great and free, The  
 As the loud blast that, blast that tears the skies, Serves  
 Will but a - rouse, a - rouse thy gen - 'rous flame, And



guar - dian An - gels sung the strain: Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -  
 dread and en - vy of them all. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -  
 but to root thy na - tive oak. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -  
 work their woe and thy re - nown. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -



tan - nia rule the waves; Bri - tons nev - - er shall be slaves.

CHORUS, *After each verse*

Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Bri-tan-nia rule the waves; Bri-tons nev - er shall be slaves.

5 To thee belongs the rural reign;  
 :: Thy cities shall with commerce shine ; ::  
 All thine shall be the subject main,  
 And ev'ry shore encircles thine. Cho.

6 The muses still, with freedom crown'd,  
 :: Shall to thy happy coasts repair ; ::  
 Blest Isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair. Cho.

## THE MARSEILLAISE

Arranged by  
FRANCOIS GUERIN

Words and Music by  
ROUGET DE L'ISLE

*The first line may be played as a prelude.*

1. Ye sons of France, a-wake to glo - ry, Hark, hark, what myr-iads bid you rise.
2. Now, now, the dan-gerous storm is roll - ing, Which treacherous kings con-feder-ate raise ;
3. With lux-u-ry and pride sur-rounded, The vile in-sa-tiate des-pots dare,

Your chil-dren, wives and grandsires ho-a-ry, Behold their tears and hear their cries,  
The dogs of war, let loose are howl-ing, And lo! our walls and ci - ties blaze,  
Their thirst of gold and power un-bounded, To mete and vend the light and air,

Be-hold their tears and hear their cries ;  
And lo ! our walls and ci - ties blaze.  
To mete and vend the light and air

Shall hateful ty-rants mis-chief-  
And shall we base-ly view the  
Like beasts of bur-den would they

breeding, With hire-ling host, a ruf - fian-band, Af-fright and des-o-late the  
 ruin, While lawless force with guilt-y stride, Spreads des-o - la-tion far and  
 load us Like Gods, would bid their slaves a - dore ; But man is man and who is

land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleeding? To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,  
 wide, With crime and blood his hands embru-ing. To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,  
 more, Then shall they longer lash and goad us ? To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,

Th'a - veng - ing sword un-sheath ! March on ! March on !

*sf*

All hearts re-solved On vic - to-ry or death. March on ! march

*sf* *f*

on ! All hearts re-solved On vic - to-ry or death !

*sf*

4 O Liberty ! can Man resign thee ?

Once having felt thy gen'rous flame,  
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine  
thee ?

||: Or whips thy noble spirit tame ? :||  
Too long the world has wept bewailing  
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,  
But freedom is our sword and shield,  
And all their arts are unavailing.

To arms, etc.

5 May patriot love and friendship glowing

Still be the aim to which we aspire.

May each spirit ever be lighted

||: With the flame they both can inspire.:||

All may be won ; be but united,

Our foes we will crush 'neath our feet ;

No more then Frenchmen will repeat

That dread cry which hath our land  
affrighted !

To arms, etc.

## THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER

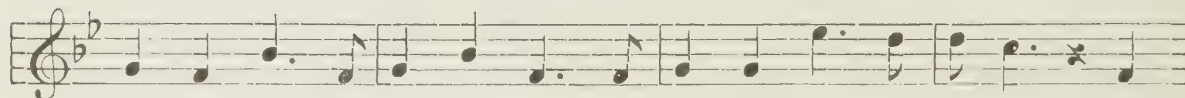
ALEXANDER MUIR

*Con spirito*

1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt-less he-ro came, And  
 2. At Queenston Heights, and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers side by side, For



plant-ed firm Bri - tan-nia's flag, On Ca - na - da's fair do-main ; Here  
 free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no - bly died ; And

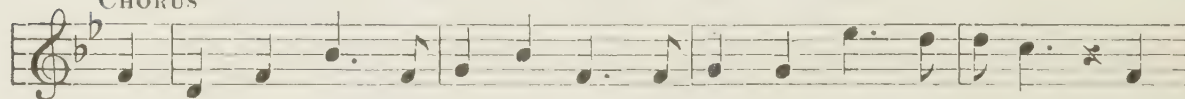


may it wave our boast and pride, And join in love to-geth-er, The  
 those dear rights which they maintained, We swear to yield them nev-er, Our

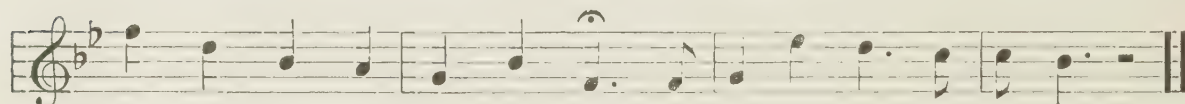


This - tle, Sham-rock, Rose en - twine, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.  
 watch-word ev - er more shall be, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.

## CHORUS



The Ma - ple Leaf our em-blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev-er, God



save our King and Hea - ven bless The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.

- 3 Our fair Dominien now extends  
 From Cape Race to Nootka Sound,  
 May peace for ever be our lot,  
 And plenteous store abound,  
 And may those ties of love be ours,  
 Which discord cannot sever,  
 And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,  
 The Maple Leaf for ever.

- 4 On Merry England's far-famed land  
 May kind Heaven sweetly smile,  
 God bless Old Scotland ever more,  
 And Ireland's Emerald Isle ;  
 Then swell the song both loud and long,  
 Till rocks and forest quiver,  
 God save our King and Heaven bless  
 The Maple Leaf for ever.

# "BRITANNIA, THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN"

HENRY RUSSELL

*The first four measures may be played as a prelude*

1. Bri-tan-nia, the pride of the o-cean,      The land of the brave and the free,      The  
2. When war with its wide des-o-la-tion,      Now threatened the land to de-form,      The

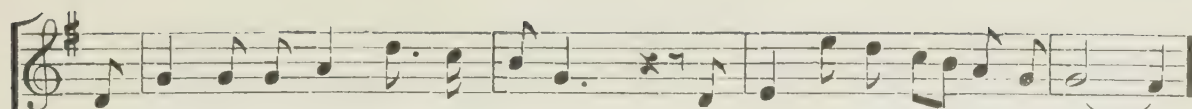
shrine of the sailor's de-votion,      There's none can com-pare un-to thee!      Thy  
ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion,      Bri-tan-nia, rode safe thro' the storm;      With her

man-dates make he-roes as-sem-ble,      With the garlands of glo-ry in view,      Thy  
lau-rels of vic-to-ry round her,      When so no-bly she bore her brave crew,      With her

ban-ners make ty-ran - ny trem-ble, When . borne by the Red, White and Blue! When  
flag float-ing proud - ly be-fore her, The . boast of the Red, White and Blue! The

borne by the Red, White and Blue! When borne by the Red, White and Blue! Thy  
boast of the Red, White and Blue! The boast of the Red, White and Blue! With her

ban-ners make ty-ran-ny trem-ble, When . borne by the Red, White and Blue.  
flag floating proud-ly be-fore her, The . . boast of the Red, White and Blue.



A cup of good wine then bring hith-er, And fill it right full to the brim,



May the glo-ry of Nel-son ne'er with-er, Nor the star of our na-tion grow dim ;



May the Ser-vice u-ni-ted ne'er sev-er, And both to their col-ours prove true,

The Ar-my and Na-vy for ev-er ! Three . . cheers for the Red, White, and Blue !

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue ! Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue !

The Army and Na-vy for ev-er ! Three . . cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

*fz* *mp* *f* *cres.* *fz* *f* *fz* *ff*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song, page 110. It features four systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first system has lyrics 'The Ar-my and Na-vy for ev-er ! Three . . cheers for the Red, White, and Blue !'. The second system has lyrics 'Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue ! Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue !'. The third system has lyrics 'The Army and Na-vy for ev-er ! Three . . cheers for the Red, White and Blue.'. The fourth system is instrumental. Dynamics include *fz* (forzando), *mp* (mezzo-piano), *f* (forte), *cres.* (crescendo), and *ff* (fortissimo). The piano part consists of rhythmic chords and patterns.

# O CANADA! OUR FATHERS' LAND OF OLD

## CHANT NATIONAL

C. LEAVALLEE

The Honorable Judge ROUTHIER

Arr. by Dr. T. B. RICHARDSON

*Maestoso e risoluto*

The piano introduction is written for a grand piano in B-flat major and 4/4 time. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with eighth notes. The piece concludes with a *poco rit.* (slightly slower) marking and a final chord.

*a tempo*

The vocal melody is written in B-flat major and 4/4 time. It begins with a *a tempo* marking. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a final half note. A fermata is placed over the final note.

1. O Can-a-da! Our fa-thers' land of old, Thy brow is crown'd with
2. Al-tar and throne command our sa-cred love, And man-kind to us shall

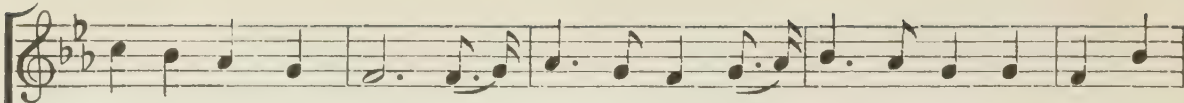
The piano accompaniment for the first part of the song is written in B-flat major and 4/4 time. It begins with a *a tempo* marking. The right hand plays chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady bass line with eighth notes.

*p*

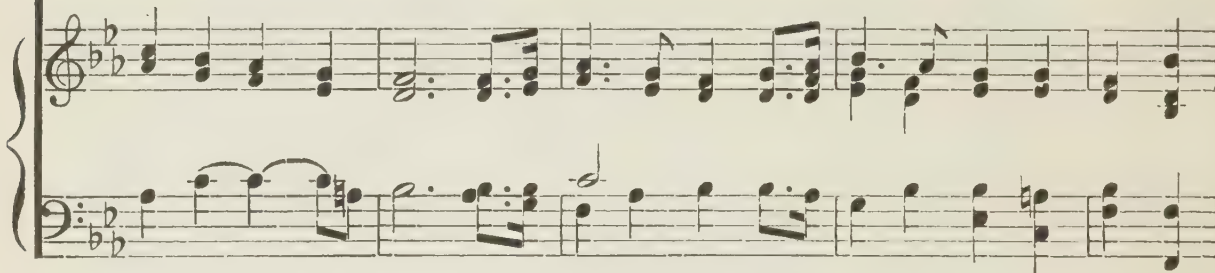
The vocal melody for the second part of the song is written in B-flat major and 4/4 time. It begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a final half note. A fermata is placed over the final note.

- leaves of red and gold. Be-neath the shade of the Ho-ly cross, Thy  
ev-er broth-ers prove. O King of Kings, with Thy might-y breath All our

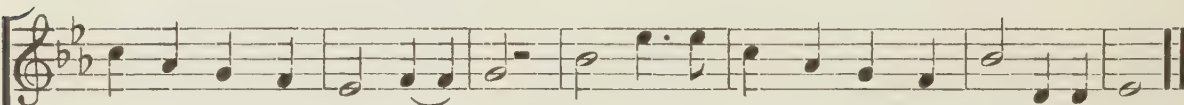
The piano accompaniment for the second part of the song is written in B-flat major and 4/4 time. It begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The right hand plays chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady bass line with eighth notes.



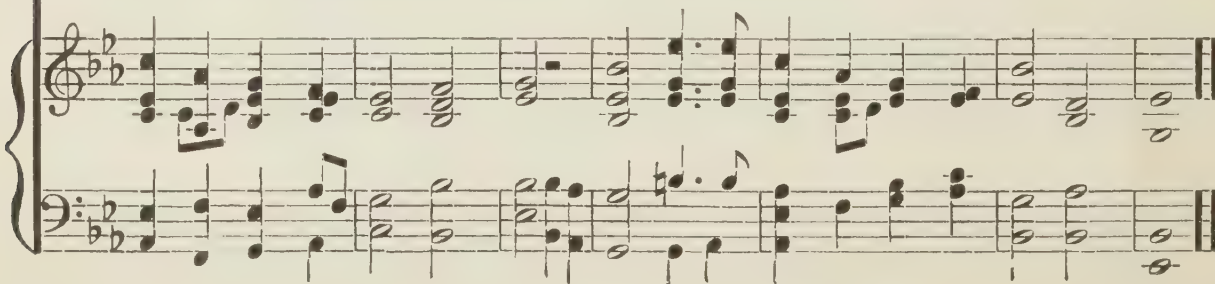
chil-dren own their birth No stains thy glo - rious an - nals gloss Since val - or  
sons do thou in - spire. May no cra - ven ter - ror of life or death E'er damp the



shields thy hearth. Al-might-y God, On thee we call, De-fend our  
pa - triot's fire. Our might-y call Loud-ly shall ring, As in the



rights, fore-fend this na - tion's thrall, De-fend our rights, fore-fend this na - tion's thrall.  
days of old, for Christ and the King! As in the days of old, for Christ and the King.





Oh Canada.

I. Oh Can! our home & Native Land  
True patriot love in all thy song  
With glowing hearts we see thee rise  
The true North strong and free  
And stand on guard oh Can.  
We stand on

II. Oh Can! where  
Great Prairies  
Now dear to us  
From East  
Thou Land of hope  
Thou true north

III. Oh Can! beneath thy  
May stewart sons  
To keep thee steadfast  
From East to W  
Our father land, our mother

Our true north

